THE EXAMINER.

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The struggle between arbitrary and constitutional power in France continues, although the last news is that the Marshal shows signs of giving way. The Chamber of Deputies lost no time last Saturday, as soon as the new so-called Business Ministry (*ministère d'affaires*) was announced, in passing a vote of want of confidence, and declining to hold any relations with it. The contest now turns upon whether the Chamber will or will not agree to vote the Budget, and on what terms they will agree to vote it—whether they will be satisfied with the concession of a Parliamentary Ministry, or will insist on the resignation of the Marshal as indispensable to public security. The policy designed by the leaders of the Left is said to be to vote all expenses necessary for the regular course of affairs, but to refuse to vote the salaries of the higher officials, Ministers, Under-Secretaries of State, Prefects, and Sub-Prefects; in short, the Government and its agents. M. Gambetta and his friends are firmly resolved not to yield. But it is impossible to predict what form the decisive action will take. It will probably be an official declaration of the Chamber and a manifesto to the country, but it would be rash to say when and in what form the resolution will be proposed to the Chamber and voted by it. The Committee of 18, in whose hands is the supreme direction of the Left, maintain the most absolute secrecy as to their deliberations. Thus the French journals this week are entirely devoid of information. The combatants are collecting their forces, and getting ready for the struggle. The most diverse rumours are in circulation, particularly regarding the future presidency, on the supposition that the Left will insist upon the resignation of the Marshal. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier and M. Dufaure are spoken of as well as M. Grévy. But this is going too fast. The idea of a congress is almost abandoned, one reason alone being sufficient, that the Marshal would never consent to it, much less his secret advisers.

It would not be worth while examining into the antecedents of the new French Ministry were it not that their choice by the Marshal and his advisers proves what their principles are, and shows that the Chamber had good reasons for regarding them with mistrust, as "an organised hypocrisy." General Gaëtan Grimaudet de Rochebouet was born in 1813, and at the fall of Louis Philippe was only a simple captain. But under the presidency of Louis Napoleon he advanced rapidly. In 1849 he was gazetted major, in 1853 lieutenant-colonel, and in 1854 colonel of the artillery regiment of the Imperial Guard—the first regiment that was supplied with rifled guns. At the head of this regiment, Rochebouet fell upon the Austrians at Solferino, at a point where the French had been placed in a very critical position by the energetic and clever movements of Prince Alexander of Hessen, by which the Turcos were put to flight after their attack on the Austrian centre at Cavriana. Rochebouet's artillery opened fire at this critical juncture, and changed the impending defeat into a victory. The Turcos whom Rochebouet thus saved from destruction belonged to Marshal MacMahon's *corps d'armée*. Since then he has been the Marshal's intimate friend, and was rewarded on the battle-field with the rank of General. For his assistance in quelling the Commune he was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. For the last three years he has been in command of the 18th Corps at Bordeaux. He is bold, unscrupulous and ambitious, and owes all to the Bonapartists.

Ernest Dutilleul, the Minister of Finance, comes of an essentially Bonapartist family. His father was comptroller to various armies under Napoleon I. His uncle, Count Mollien, was Minister of Finance under the First Empire. He himself was born in 1825, and certainly has a right to rank amongst the first financiers of the day, for it was he who conducted the unprecedented operation of paying the five milliards indemnity to Germany without disturbing the money market. Léon Say has acknowledged the high value of his services; and as he was Say's right hand, the Republicans regarded him as one of themselves. But at the last election, when he was a candidate for the representation of Compiègne, he declared himself a Conservative, and was defeated. Either his Bonapartist sympathies were too strong, or the prospect of office too great a temptation to resist.

The Minister of Justice, Le Pelletier d'Aulnay, is an old man of seventy years of age who has always shown himself as a warm partisan of Louis Napoleon, and rendered him so very valuable services as Vice-President of the Tribunal of the Seine after the *coup d'état* that he was appointed President of the Imperial Court of Appeal. His nephew sits in the present Chamber, and is one of the Bonapartist champions.

The Minister of the Interior, Charles Welche, is a native of Lorraine, and owes his present elevation to MacMahon, Buffet, and Fourtou, the last of whom he greatly pleased by his energy in supporting the official candidates in the various towns of which he was made maire for the purpose and in succession, such as Agen, Toulouse, Nantes, Lyons, and Lille.

Marquis Bonneville is somewhat of an historical personage. It was he who drove to the Foreign Office in the Ball Platz at Vienna in 1859 to declare to Count Buol Schanenstein that if the Austrians crossed the Ticino into Piedmont it would be considered as a declaration of war against France. Gyulai did cross, and Marquis Bonneville demanded his passports. After the preliminary negotiations at Villafranca, he and Baron Bonqueney signed the treaty of peace at Zürich. In January 1860 he was named ambassador to the Court of Munich, in 1869 to the Vatican, and in 1870 to the Vienna Court until the fall of the Empire, since when he has been living in seclusion.

The Austrian and Prussian Governments have been officially informed that the death of Pius IX. may be looked for at any moment. The *papabili* who are regarded as having the best chances of election are Cardinals Nina and Pecci. The former, a far younger man, and a man of the world, has more supporters than Pecci, who is almost an ascetic. Pius IX. is opposed to a conclave held *præsenti cadavere*.

The *Pesther Lloyd* recently published an article expressing an opinion that England would not declare war against Russia. Its arguments were based on an estimate of the British Cabinet in which the conclusion was drawn that the peace party in the Cabinet possessed more influence in the persons of Lords Derby and Salisbury than the war-party in the persons of Lord Beaconsfield and the Duke of Richmond. This seems to have called forth another article on the same subject, and treated in a similar manner, from the *Cologne Gazette*. The Hungarian paper sought for an explanation of the existence of two parties in the Cabinet in the personal relations of the members to each other. The Prussian paper, arguing from much the same point of view, and, after weighing the influences at work for and against Lord Beaconsfield, regards these influences as pretty well counterbalancing each other, but states that there is one person who turns the scale in his favour. That person is no other than the Queen herself. "Lord Beaconsfield," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "possesses a support which must certainly not be underrated—Her Majesty, the Queen. She herself does not conceal this fact in the least from those who surround her. She stands, full of confidence, at his side, and would not refuse her consent to the most determined active measures. To understand what that means, it must be remembered what energetic and successful opposition Lord Palmerston met with from the Queen when he wished to take part against Germany in the Danish War. But in the present case, Lord Beaconsfield is sure of her sanction and assistance."

The above-mentioned article in the *Pesther Lloyd* was followed up on November 27 by a second one, in which the consequences of a direct peace between Russia and Turkey are discussed. The conclusion arrived at is that it does not in the least matter how peace is concluded, but that what is all-important is the conditions of peace. As long as these conditions do not infringe upon the interests already specified by the other Powers, the *modus procedendi*, concludes the *Lloyd*, does not signify in the least. On the 28th the *Cologne Gazette* says almost the same thing, but instead of mentioning the "other Powers," confines itself to "Lord Beaconsfield," who is determined to act as soon as any one of the five points mentioned by Lord Derby in his Note is touched—if, for instance, after the fall of Plevna, the Russians should cross the Balkans and threaten Adrianople and Constantinople.

It is clear that these utterances of the two Continental journals are inspired. In Pesth they were inspired by Count Andrassy, who thus places himself on the same ground as Prince Bismarck, so far, on the assumption that the great Powers will not oppose a direct peace if they are agreed as to the interests that must not be infringed on. The Prussian paper, on the other hand, makes the whole question of intervention hinge on the infringement of Lord Derby's specified points, and leaves the intervention to England and Austria. Now what are we to understand from all this? Is it a combined attempt on the part of Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy to urge England into war in order to protect their interests; or is the Hungarian utterance a hint to Prince Bismarck that Austria will guard her own interests *coûte que coûte*; or finally, is the whole the development of a plan by Prince Bismarck, by which both England and Austria are to be weakened by war, so as to leave him the sole uninjured arbiter amongst the crippled? And how is it that the Prussian paper only specifies English interests that must not be infringed, and says nothing of Austrian interests, which are much more vital to her than are ours in the East?

Another proof of the eagerness with which public opinion in England is being watched in Germany, and the extreme anxiety of our German friends that we should go to war, is shown in the attempt to give a political signification to the dinner at which Mr. Archibald Forbes is to be entertained by his brother journalists this evening. The *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* dwells upon the fact that representatives of journals of the most opposite politics are upon the Dinner Committee, argues from this that all sides now agree with the views expressed in Mr. Forbes's famous article, and thence jumps to the conclusion that English sympathies are now universally on the side of Turkey, and that a declaration of war is imminent. It need hardly be said that the well-deserved compliment to Mr. Forbes is purely a personal affair; and that journalists, however fiercely opposed in politics, can leave their public quarrels behind them and meet in social amity, as is our custom, for the purpose of doing honour to one of their number. Besides, as we have pointed out before, and point out again in another column, there are no views expressed in Mr. Forbes's article. It is simply a record of facts, of personal observations, and none of us challenge Mr. Forbes's credibility, whatever construction we may put upon his evidence.

Mr. Cross's speech at the congratulatory banquet to the First Lord of the Admiralty shows what likelihood there is of the Government's yielding to taunts and exhortations from abroad, and the "ravings of fanatics" at home. "When the time comes," Mr. Cross said, "I know that the Ministry will not be afraid to defend their conduct and policy in foreign as well as in domestic matters; but I wish to take this opportunity of saying that to the statement which I had the honour to make in the House of Commons relating to foreign affairs, and which reflected the opinions of a united Cabinet, I have nothing to add, and wish to withdraw no part of it. Nor has any member of the Government spoken one word contrary to it." This last statement may be doubted, if Lord Beaconsfield is to be regarded as a member of the Government. Still Mr. Cross's declaration is timely and reassuring, seeing that he pledged the Government to take no hostile action against Russia unless British interests were threatened. Of course there are very different conceptions afloat of British interests, but Lord Derby's speech on Wednesday may be taken as showing what conception is entertained by the Government. Lord Derby expressly declared that he did not consider security for a railway through the Euphrates Valley to be an essential English interest, which is the last cry of the fanatic war-party and the Society for the Protection of English Interests against Russian Aggression in the East.

It says little either for Republican prospects in the American Senate, or for political morality in the Union, that for the past week party supremacy has been depending on three contested seats, and the favour of two notorious "carpet-baggers"—Conover, of Florida, and

Patterson, of South Carolina. On Wednesday, however, the Republicans succeeded in returning ex-Governor Kellogg—also a "carpet-bagger" of questionable antecedents—for one of the two vacant Senatorial seats for Louisiana, but it must be impossible to rely on the party fidelity of Conover, whose vote secured this result, and who has already changed sides in the course of the struggle. Patterson, though necessarily a Republican, at all events by profession, has been steadily voting with the Democrats—because, say his nominal allies, he is naturally anxious to save himself from a few years' enforced residence in a penitentiary. The last news from America is to the effect that three of Patterson's former colleagues in South Carolina, viz., the State Treasurer, and two Congress men, have been sentenced to heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment for their participation in the State robberies in which Patterson himself is accused of having had the lion's share. So perhaps Patterson has strong inducements to conciliate his accusers. But whatever the immediate result of the present contest, it is clear that the Vice-President's casting vote will be a leading "factor" in the Senate's policy for some time to come. It is expected that next year's senatorial accessions for Ohio and Pennsylvania will finally turn the scale on the side of the Democrats, who already command the majority in the House of Representatives; and it is a suggestive sign of the wonderful transformation of parties that the event would not necessarily be regarded as embarrassing to a President supposed to have been elected in the Republican interest. With the suppression of slavery, and the loyal and hearty return of the South to free political life, all grounds for the old party divisions have well-nigh vanished. The South goes "solidly" with the President, and, together with the pro-Administration Republicans, may help him to realise his idea of a National policy. But the "Conklingites" are powerful—Mr. Conkling is perhaps the ablest politician in the Union—and it is only too probable that Mr. Hayes may be compelled to compromise with them on the great question of the "Spoils System."

Mr. Backhouse, M.P., and some of his friends, are organising a committee for the relief of the half-starving miners in the Darlington and other districts in the North of England. "Contributions in money, food, and clothing," are also solicited for unemployed iron-workers and coal-miners in South Wales. In fact, if the present industrial depression continues much longer, and if its natural results are to be intensified by more strikes, it may not be improbable that a Mayor of greater consequence than the Darlington functionary who spoke on behalf of the miners last Monday will be invited to start a Provincial Famine Fund. In the North of England, however, the present distress does not appear to have been in any great measure caused by strikes. Operatives have been turned off by thousands simply because there was no work for them. Only last Saturday one thousand men were turned adrift at the Nantyglo Works, South Wales, in consequence of their refusal to accept a reduction. On Saturday, the Northumberland coal-owners decided to lower wages by 12½ per cent. In a word, stagnation and demands for reduction generally characterise the leading industries of cotton, coal, and iron; and workmen ought to have recognised by this time that strikes can avail but little against circumstances under which the masters are as helpless as they are themselves. The strikes of the year have been failures; some of them very disastrous failures. The Bolton one, for instance, has deprived the operatives of two years' value of the disputed 5 per cent. Counting the loss in wages, the diminution—sometimes to the extent of debt—in societies' funds, and also the losses to the employers, the total cost is supposed to have reached about two-fifths of a million.

Mr. W. H. Smith has fairly earned the honour of the banquet given in St. James's Hall, by the Westminster Conservative Association, to celebrate his promotion to the Cabinet. None of its members are more generally respected, and more free from all suspicion of violent party spirit. In his speech on this occasion, Mr. Smith made no reference to the gigantic scheme for reconstructing the Admiralty with which report credited him when he took office; but this does not prove that, like several of his predecessors, he has abandoned the task in despair, after due examination of its difficulties. He certainly has here a task which might immortalise him, and which could be much more successfully performed under a Conservative than under a Liberal Government, if an earnest reformer, such as we believe Mr. Smith to be, were left free to act.

A good deal was said, at Mr. Smith's banquet, about the lessons which had been taught by the present war in military and naval science. Colonel Loyd Lindsay, however, went rather far in speaking as if the change effected in modern warfare by the breechloader had first been shown in this war. The powers of the breechloader were very fairly tested in the Franco-German War. Statisticians then estimated, from an observation of the results, that it gave the defending force an advantage of two to one over the attacking force in the open field, and an advantage of three to one behind fortifications. It may be, however, as Colonel Lindsay said, that the present war has shown more decisively the advantage of remaining purely on the defensive, and brought into more clear relief the maxim that "the rifle for your adversary and the spade for yourselves are the tools of modern war."

The *pronunciamiento* issued by Colonel Henderson against the dogs of London is, we fear, rather too enigmatical for general comprehension. A considerable number of householders would be puzzled, for instance, to define offhand the boundaries over which the Metropolitan Board of Works claim jurisdiction, and the territory under the authority of the Metropolitan police. Then there is the order that all dogs in the public streets are to be apprehended, unless under control, either by being led "or otherwise." There is a looseness about this latter direction that might be made to cover almost any degree of canine vagabondage. But the most curious point is that the ukase should have been made to run for only two months. If loose curs have the effect of spreading hydrophobia, why should they not be as objectionable in next February as at present? It would almost seem as if Colonel Henderson had agreed to help the Excise officers in collecting the dog tax, a duty that scarcely falls within the sphere of police work. We have no sympathy, of course, with the naughty folks who wilfully omit to take out licences, but, at the same time, we hardly think that the force is capable of discharging other duties than its own, without a certain sacrifice of efficiency. Recent proceedings would seem to suggest that Colonel Henderson's merry men need almost as much controlling as the vagrant dogs of London, either by being led to perform their work properly, or "otherwise."

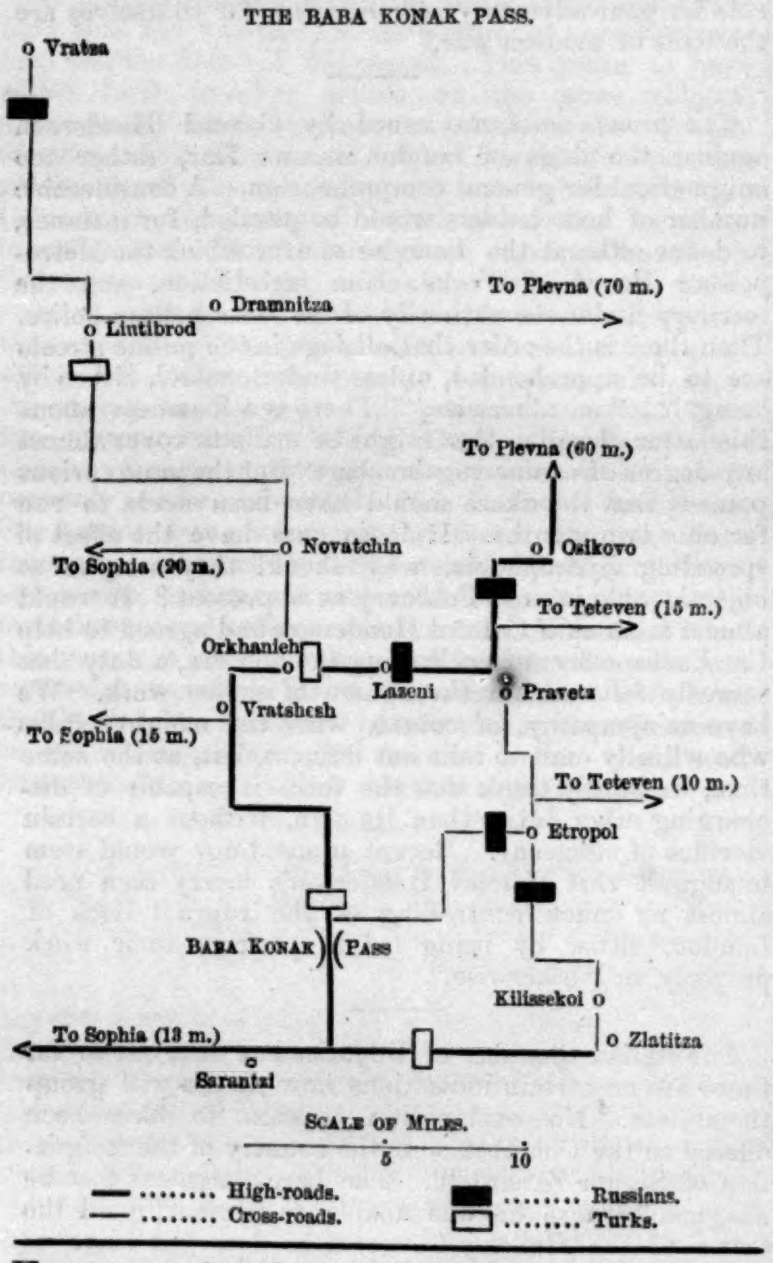
The Italian Chamber of Deputies has met, but so far there are no certain indications how parties will group themselves. No explanation appears to have been offered to the Chamber or to the country of the resignation of Signor Zanardelli. The bare statement that he resigned because he was unable to agree with all the terms of the Railway Conventions does not leave us much wiser than we were before. The Italian papers of this week mention rumours of further Ministerial changes. It is said that three other members of the Government, including Signor Melegari, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, are about to follow the example set by Signor Zanardelli. The disorganisation in the ranks of the majority in Parliament seems to be no less complete. The first party debate will show where the Ministry stands. As we have often pointed out, the abstention of the clericals from open political action leaves the one natural and genuine Conservative party

which exists in the country unrepresented in Parliament. A foreigner, with the best will in the world, cannot, as it is, find any great question in Italian politics on which a moderate and reasonable member of the Right differs from a moderate and reasonable member of the Left. The clericals have recently, in the Roman provincial elections, come out of their political seclusion, and through their superior discipline and organisation have obtained a majority. From the provincial to the Parliamentary elections there is a considerable step; but when once the principle of abstention has been given up, it must be taken before very long. Nothing would so tend to raise the tone of public life in Italy as the sense that the controversies among political parties turned upon some grave matter of national concern.

HOLDING THE BALKANS.

The writer of the summary of the war in the *Times* made some strange mistakes last Wednesday regarding the operations round Orkhanieh, which are all the more surprising as the Vienna correspondent gave a very clear account of the manœuvres by which the Russians obtained possession of all the roads leading from Orkhanieh north of the Balkans. The summary writer was led astray apparently by the Austrian staff map, which is fuller of errors and pitfalls for strategists who do not know the country than perhaps any staff map in Europe.

THE BABA KONAK PASS.



He assumes that the place telegraphed as Laskeni is south of Orkhanieh. If that were the case, Orkhanieh would be in the hands of the Russians, or at any rate cut off from the main forces under Mehemet Ali wherever they may be. But had the summary writer compared his map with the reliable accounts to be found regarding the approaches to the Baba Konak Pass, he would have found that Laskeni and Lajeni, or Lazeni, are one and the same place, and that place due east of Orkhanieh, and not south of it.

With the help of the accompanying sketch, which shows the roads leading from Orkhanieh in all directions of the compass, it will be easy to follow the course of operations in this locality whether past or future. A demonstration was made against Orkhanieh in front from Vratza, whilst the forces from Teteven, covered on their right flank by detachments from Sopot, and under the command of Generals Rauch and Schuvaloff, advanced against Etropol and Pravatz. General Schuvaloff took the longer road from Teteven, which debouches in the Orkhanieh and Plevna high-road north of Pravetz, whilst General Rauch advanced diagonally across a difficult country, cut up by the sources of the Vid and the Little Isker, along a road which leads past or between the villages of Gourka and debouches in the Zlatitza-Pravetz road north of Etropol. These movements, which need not be entered into more fully, resulted in the capture of Etropol and Pravetz and the advance of the Russian outposts to the positions delineated in the annexed sketch.

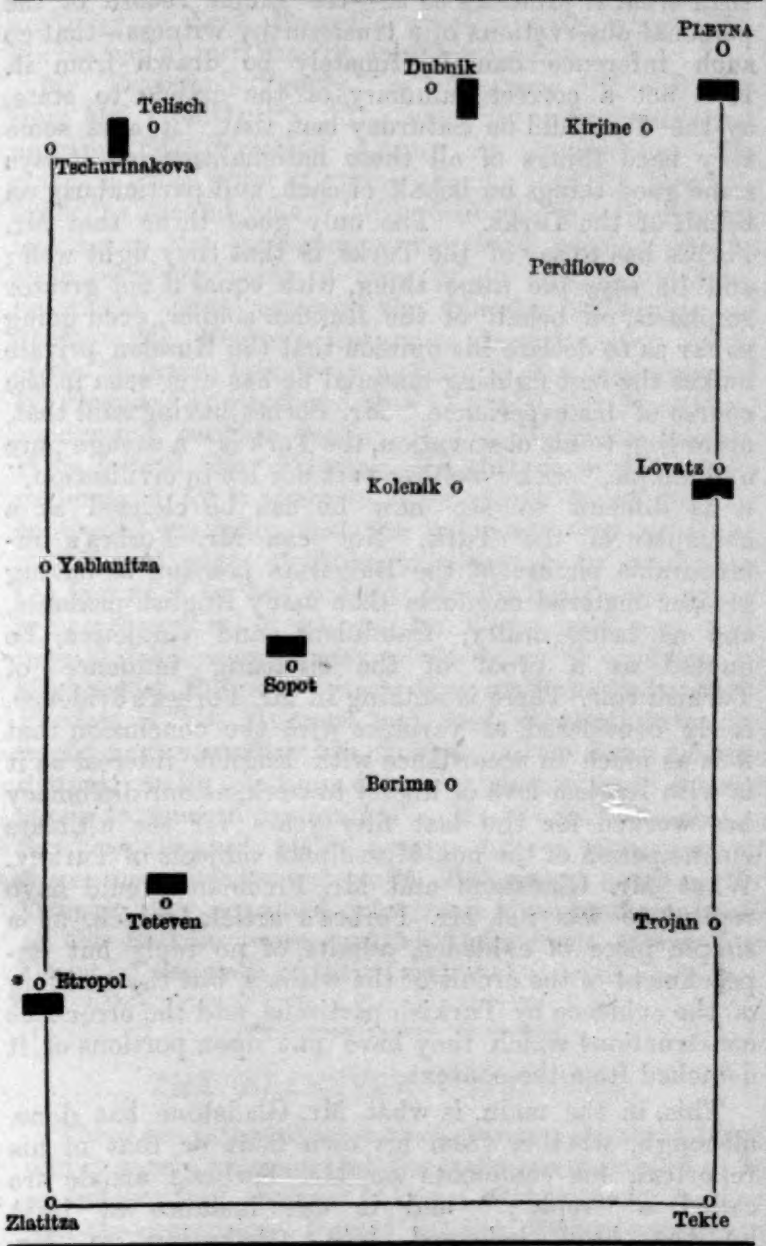
From this sketch it appears that the Russians certainly hold four of the roads leading from Sophia in this part of the Balkans. The high-road from Sophia ceases towards the east of Zlatitza, after branching off northwards to Orkhanieh and Plevna, and running through the Baba Konak Pass. Before reaching Orkhanieh, a cross-road runs from Vratshesh through the Batalishka valley to Sophia. At Orkhanieh, a country road leads to Vratza, another road branching off at Novatchin also to Sophia, and uniting, about ten miles off, with the Vratshesh road, near Ogaya. More than half-way from Orkhanieh to Vratza a cross-road leads to Plevna, along the right bank of the Iskar to Konina, where it crosses the Isker, and runs to Tschurinakova, and joins the high-road to Plevna south of Telisch.

The high-road, after leaving Orkhanieh, runs eastwards as far as Pravetz, which lies about a mile to the south-east, and then north and north-east to Plevna, a road, about five miles north of Pravetz, branching off to Teteven. From Zlatitza a road runs through the wild pass across the Katschmarska Planina to Etropol, and thence to Pravetz, a road to Teteven also branching off to the east, a little way north of Etropol. These two roads running across the Balkans between Sarantzi and Zlatitza, one to Orkhanieh the other to Pravetz, are connected by a lateral road running westwards from Etropol, and debouching in the Orkhanieh road at the northern foot of the Baba Konak Pass.

Now, on referring to the above sketch, it will be seen that the Russians hold some point on all the roads leading to Plevna. Their positions at Etropol cut two at Lazeni and Vratza, two more are barred, whilst further east there are the positions at Teteven and Telisch which support them. Mehemet Ali, on the other hand, still commands the high-road to Sophia and the two cross-roads, one of which, the Vratshesh road, is no better than a mountain path, though he has probably improved the 5–8 miles of it which is especially bad.

The comparative ease, however, with which the Russians secured these important positions shows that either Mehemet Ali does not intend to make use of the Orkhanieh road, or that he had not the men to stop the Russian advance. If the latter, there is not much more to be said. But it is far more likely that he is husbanding his strength, or has conceived some other way of assisting Osman Pasha than by advancing along the Orkhanieh road, where difficulties meet him at every step. An advance by Vratza, as has been suggested by the *Times* and *Daily News*, could lead to no result whatever, for he would be met at Tschurinakova by the Russian centre, threatened on his left flank by the forces at Rahova, and on his right by those at Teteven, whilst General Gourko would be harassing his rear. But he might have the idea of marching eastwards from Zlatitza to Tekte, 15 miles eastwards, and proceeding through the Trojan Pass, suddenly fall upon Lovatz, which is barely 25 miles from Tekte, and barely 15 miles from Plevna. This plan would offer the greatest chances of success, as it coincides also with the

best plan Osman Pasha could pursue, and which we have repeatedly pointed out as offering the best chances—bad, at the best—for his escape. That plan would be by breaking through Skobeleff's lines in the south-west of Plevna, and following the line Kirjine, Perdilovo, Kolenik, whilst Mehemet Ali, advancing from Tekte, engaged the Russians at Lovatz and south of Plevna. By this means, Osman Pasha would, at any rate, only have Gourko's scattered detachment to cope with after getting through the Russian lines. But so far, it all seems a hopeless task. The annexed sketch



shows the situation. There has been a rumour to the effect that Mehemet Ali is making a wide flank movement by way of Berkovtcha, intending to open the road to Widdin; whilst a second account states that he means to give battle on the plains of Sophia. Both stories sound very far-fetched. Probably he will do nothing but "preserve an expectant attitude."

ENGLISH INTERESTS.

"To speak of English interests is a thing forbidden. It has been decided that the predatory acquisition of territorial, military, and commercial advantages by other nations is not only in accordance with natural right but necessary to the progress of civilisation; while for England the case is quite the other way. Even to stick to such advantages as our forefathers gained for us is wrong from all points of view. It is arrogant; it is ungenerous; it is unphilosophical; it is immoral;—in a word, it is obstructive to the cause of Humanity. Obviously, the relations of the various Governments and nations of Europe to each other are still those of wild beasts in a forest; but though that fact is so very manifest, the time has come when England should abandon self-preservation as a first law of existence, and think only of what the higher moralities demand of her. It is ignoble as well as stupid nowadays to talk of self-preservation: the only consideration for Englishmen is conscience, honour. So we are now taught."

This was the beginning of an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Friday. It was followed on Saturday by an attack on certain persons, vaguely indicated as Anglo-Russians, who seem to be making efforts "to secure the acceptance of the Russian terms of peace in advance." Concerning these persons, the *Pall Mall Gazette* informs us that "there is no choice for them but moral obliquity or mental incapacity. The men who are asserting that a Russian acquisition of Armenia is a matter of total indifference to England, and who are supporting this by a gross misrepresentation of their opponents' account of its dangers; the men who are clamouring for the admission of Russia to the Mediterranean, and who are assisting this clamour by studious concealment of the true nature of the demand and by confusing the public mind with regard to it—the men, we say, who are doing these things must choose between the guilt of treachery backed by perversion of truth, and the discredit of enslavement to a blinding fanaticism. Either they have lost their consciences or they have lost their heads."

This is good round language, worthy of the reputation of the journal in its best days, and affords such convincing proof of a sane and sober judgment, admirably qualified to advise in affairs of State, that we looked with reverent curiosity to ascertain what view should be taken of English interests by those who retain their consciences and have not lost their heads. That curiosity could not be gratified immediately, for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a fit of resentment against the wickedness and perversity of its generation, maintained for several days an obstinate silence on the point. At last, however, having probably received assurances that it would not be burnt by the common hangman if it did speak of English interests, it was persuaded to reveal its secret, breaking it gently and obscurely, after a few paragraphs directed against that mysterious people the Anglo-Russians. It appears, that the fact for which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has had such difficulty in getting a hearing is that a line of railway through the Euphrates Valley, under secure English control, is indispensable to the safety of our Indian Empire. With Russia in possession of Armenia, and commanding the head of the Euphrates Valley, this route to India would be closed to us; and this is the reason why the *Pall Mall Gazette* considers no language too strong to rouse us from our infatuated apathy about the advance of the Russians in Asia Minor. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, indeed, sees further dangers from the Russian occupation of Kars and Erzeroum. Our actual road to India through Egypt, as well as our potential road through the Euphrates Valley, is threatened. Our interest in the Suez Canal, if the Russians are permitted to establish themselves in Armenia, will not be worth seven years' purchase. "From her positions in Asia Minor, Russia could rapidly and quietly, as in Turkestan, spread her authority on to Syria; and from Syria to Egypt, how far is it, and what the difficulties? Look at the map. There are long distances, no doubt; there is desert country; but such distances and such country as armies with a history like that of the Russian armies would laugh at. There has been enough delusion about deserts and distances; and here such delusions would be ridiculous indeed. With a port at Batoum, with a large region in Asia Minor as a new recruiting ground and source of supply, Russia would be to all intents and purposes only one step from Syria, and Syria is the gate to Egypt."

If it is the case that the Euphrates Valley route is absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of our Indian Empire, if there is no room for difference of opinion on that point, and if this route becomes impossible for us the moment Russia takes possession of Erzeroum, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has some justification for the fury of its language, and its indignant reference to "the map." But perhaps it is going too far to say, upon the strength of such a reference, that those who do not think this route indispensable must be deficient

either in conscience or in intellect. Besides the map, there is the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, to which the *Pall Mall Gazette* makes its appeal. But this recommendation only goes to the extent of saying that there would be "considerable" and, "under possible circumstances, exceedingly great" advantages in the Euphrates Valley route. This is obvious enough, considering that the route overland from the Orontes to the Persian Gulf is some 750 miles nearer than that by the Suez Canal. But the cost, not only of making, but of maintaining, and, if necessary, defending, the overland railway, has to be considered. It may be well, as an abstract principle, to have more than one string to our bow, but supposing that we had to defend our communications to India, a long line of railway does not offer the best conceivable advantages for defence.

To this it may be answered that a long line of railway may be defended as easily as a narrow isthmus if the enemy can be prevented from getting within several hundred miles of it. Do the Russophobists then wish us to garrison Erzeroum? No, they say; but we have, or had, in the Turks an excellent garrison, to all intents and purposes English. In trying to keep back the Russians from Armenia, the Turks have been fighting English battles; every Turkish defeat has been an English defeat. But then it has to be considered that we cannot get the assistance of the Turks without paying for it, and if this is a question of interest and not of sentiment, we must deliberate whether the service rendered is worth the outlay. If the route through Egypt is sufficient for all our purposes, there is no reason why we should pay the Turks to defend another route for us. There are no conceivable circumstances in which the road through Egypt would be impracticable for us and the road through the Euphrates Valley open, and that is the only contingency which would justify us, as a matter of interest, in having the two strings to our bow. Even if we could persuade the Turks to reform their Government, and put themselves in a position of civilisation and stability, it would be doubtful whether we should gain anything by subsidising them to protect our road to India. But since they seem to be beyond reach of persuasion in that matter, however gallantly they may fight, they would be a disproportionately costly body of mercenaries. We are quite able to defend our own interests without the assistance of the Turks, if we are not betrayed by sensational politicians into abandoning our strong positions and taking up a weak line of defence.

When English interests in the East are narrowed to the question of roads to India, the dictates of common sense obviously are to secure the control of the Egyptian route, and spend our resources in fortifying ourselves securely in that. There can be little doubt that Lord Derby represented the most rational view of English interests in his answer to the deputation which waited upon him on Wednesday. One of the members of this deputation, speaking for the Society for the Protection of British Interests against Russian Aggression in the East, asked Lord Derby to "disregard the ravings of fanatics," and believe with them that "the proper route to India was the Euphrates Valley." Lord Derby declined to do this. "I cannot," he said, "for my own part, think, as one gentleman said, that the true line of communication between England and India lies through the Euphrates Valley. I believe so long as we have the Suez Canal uninterrupted and undisturbed, we have a communication sufficient for all purposes." And he added:—"With regard to the gentleman who told me that the Suez Canal would be endangered if the Russians were to get to Trebizonde, I must say that that is a proposition which, although I do not negative it off-hand, still appears to me to be somewhat difficult of proof, and as to which I should prefer, therefore, to suspend my judgment." The longer Lord Derby suspends his judgment, and "disregards the ravings of fanatics," the less likely he will be to share the views of the Society for the Protection of British Interests against Russian Aggression in the East.

THE "REPLIES" TO MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The misfortune of the so-called "replies" to Mr. Archibald Forbes's article on "Russians, Turks, and Bulgarians," is that they convey the impression that the article was somehow opposed to the policy pursued by the Liberal party; that the facts disclosed by Mr. Forbes were of such a nature that, if they had been known before, Liberal sympathies would have inclined to the support of the Ottoman Empire with all its abuses unreformed. It is unnecessary to point out to careful readers of the article, which is neither more nor less than what it professes to be—the simple record of the personal observations of a trustworthy witness—that no such inference can legitimately be drawn from it. It is not a correct summary of the article to state, as the *Times* did on Saturday last, that "it says some very hard things of all these nationalities, but it says some good things on behalf of each, and particularly on behalf of the Turks." The only good thing that Mr. Forbes has to say of the Turks is that they fight well; and he says the same thing, with equal if not greater emphasis, on behalf of the Russian soldier, even going so far as to declare his opinion that the Russian private makes the best fighting material he has ever seen in the course of his experience. Mr. Forbes having said that, according to his observation, the Turk is "a savage pure and simple," with "neither part nor lot in civilisation," it is difficult to see how he can be claimed as a champion of the Turk. Nor can Mr. Forbes's unfavourable picture of the Bulgarian peasant, as having greater material comforts than many English peasants, and as being crafty, fraudulent, and vindictive, be quoted as a proof of the civilising influence of Turkish rule. There is nothing in Mr. Forbes's evidence, fairly considered, at variance with the conclusion that it is as much in accordance with English interest as it is with English love of liberty to work, as our diplomacy has worked for the last fifty years, for the ultimate emancipation of the non-Mussulman subjects of Turkey. What Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Freeman should have replied to was not Mr. Forbes's article, which, as a simple piece of evidence, admits of no reply but impeachment of the credit of the witness, but the garbling of the evidence by Turkish partisans, and the erroneous constructions which they have put upon portions of it detached from the context.

This, in the main, is what Mr. Gladstone has done, although, whether from his own fault or that of his reporters, his comments on Mr. Forbes's article are called a "reply;" and in one instance at least he has been betrayed into attributing to Mr. Forbes statements which were really superinduced upon his article by others. Mr. Forbes mentioned the fact that the Turks evacuated Danubian Bulgaria without laying waste the country as they retired, and gave his opinion that, from a military point of view, this was a mistake, as well as contrary to the practice of war. Mr. Gladstone suggests two explanations of this—one that the Turkish forces in full retreat could not easily have destroyed the property of a population four or five times their number; the other that they wished to conciliate the goodwill of Europe, so outraged by the massacres of May, 1876. Either explanation is reasonable enough, but there is nothing in Mr. Forbes's article to show that he would not accept them as sufficient; he had simply chronicled the fact that the country was not laid waste, and had stated his opinion that, from a military point of view, the Turks would have had precedents for dealing with it otherwise. Again, Mr. Gladstone, alluding to Mr. Forbes's remarks on the condition and character of the Bulgarians, said that, "supposing it to be all true, let them exaggerate it tenfold, they would only make more strong the indictment against the system, and the men, the race, empire, and government, that had brought them to this degradation." He quoted an eloquent passage from Lord Russell enforcing the true inference to be drawn from the degraded condition of the subjects of despotic rule:—"It, indeed, would be a hopeless case for mankind if despotism

were thus allowed to take advantage of its own wrong, and to bring the evidence of its own crimes as the title-deeds of its power; and it would, indeed, be a strange perversion of justice if an absolute Government were allowed to say, 'Look how ignorant, base, violent, and cruel these people have become under our sway; therefore we have a right to retain them in eternal subjection and in everlasting bondage.'" Mr. Gladstone did good service in quoting this against those who seem disposed to argue from the vindictiveness and low cunning of the Bulgarians to the virtue of their rulers, but why did he imply by the tone of his comments that there was anything in Lord Russell's opinion with which Mr. Forbes had shown that he would not agree?

Mr. Freeman's "reply" is of a very different tone from Mr. Gladstone's. The cause is unfortunate that numbers Mr. Freeman among its champions. He makes a great point of saying that he read Mr. Forbes's letter "a second time." If he had read it a third time, looking to the substance rather than carping at the style from the point of view of an academic pedant, he might have escaped the blunder of trying to damage Mr. Forbes's testimony about Bulgaria north of the Balkans, by setting against it the testimony of Sir George Campbell and Miss Irby and Miss Mackenzie concerning another section of the Bulgarian people. Why, indeed, Mr. Freeman did this, it is difficult to understand, for it seems to have struck him before he concluded his letter that the witnesses were speaking of different parts of Bulgaria, although he introduces the fact as if he had caught Mr. Forbes in the act of trying to conceal it, whereas Mr. Forbes more than once begs that his remarks may not be taken as applying to any part of Bulgaria except that which he had visited. Further, if Mr. Freeman had read more carefully, he would have seen that Mr. Forbes, so far from contradicting, really confirms his view that "people do not revolt at foreign instigation" Mr. Forbes records the fact that although trains were laid for a rising among the comparatively comfortable Bulgarians north of the Danube, they remained quiet while their brethren south of the Balkans were making their futile attempt to throw off the yoke of their tyrants.

THE BLANTYRE EXPLOSION.

There are different ways of expressing the same ideas, and it rarely happens that the conclusions arrived at by an independent observer before a Government inquiry, and the conclusions formed by the officials conducting that inquiry, are substantially and almost verbally identical. But such turns out to be the case with the opinions we expressed on November 3 and the opinions formed by Mr. Ralph Moore, Mr. Wales, and Mr. Willis, as to the causes of the explosion at Blantyre, and the responsibility therefor. We said:—

> Over 200 men descend into a mine to follow their daily task. Shortly afterwards an explosion occurs, which kills the men, wrecks the mine, and buries the corpses to such an extent that all becomes a chaotic mass of mingled *débris* of bodies, shattered limbs, earth, and coal. The explosion was caused by the ignition of fire-damp, and, as fire-damp cannot ignite itself, it necessarily follows that it was ignited by a naked light, a lucifer-match—struck to light a pipe, or an extinguished lamp—or by the firing of a shot in the ordinary course of work. It does not signify in the least which of these causes led to the explosion. In any case neglect on the part of the managers or the inspectors was the cause of the disaster. If it occurred through the striking of a match, the managers are responsible for it, because they should have taken care that no matches were taken into the mine. If it arose from the use of a naked light, the managers or the inspectors who perhaps authorised the use of naked lights, are equally responsible. Which of the two is to blame may perhaps be discovered in the inquiry, though it is not probable. The third alternative is that the explosion was caused by the firing of a shot; and in this case also the managers are responsible.

The Government officials say:—

> We cannot give a definite opinion as to where the large quantity of gas came from, or the exact spot it was ignited; but we lean to the opinion that the gas was lodged in the old pillars, and at some point between Spiers' Dook and the entrance from No. 3 and No. 2 pits, and came in contact with an open light. From whatever cause, such a condition of things must, as far as possible, be either prevented or guarded against, otherwise a similar accident may happen. The men who were working at or near the stoops were supplied with safety or gauze lamps. Shot-firing was stated to be prohibited, but there seems to be no doubt that gunpowder was used there. From our inspection, and from the evidence given at the public inquiry, we are of opinion that gas was always at the stoops, and we consider that shot-firing there was most dangerous, and ought not for one moment to have been permitted. We, therefore, suggest that the present mode of working with naked lights and leaving the pillars comparatively unventilated be discontinued; and, bearing in mind this great calamity, it will be better to use locked Davy lamps as an additional precaution, to prohibit shot-firing, to have the pillars better ventilated, and to maintain the strictest discipline. We would also recommend a more judicious split in the arrangement of the air course, so that the returns may not come in contact with each other until they have passed all working places; also, that the air, after passing the stooping operations, may not pass over any other working place, as was the case when the air from No. 3, after joining the No. 2 current, passed on to other working places. We would also suggest that the working of No. 2 and No. 3 pits should be more concentrated, and that throughers in the winning places should be made more frequently, so as to reduce the distance by which the air has to be conducted to the faces by bratticing.

Now, bearing in mind the measured language in which official opinions are recorded, it is abundantly evident that the inspectors must have been highly indignant at the way in which the Blantyre mines were managed. Universally mismanaged, would be the proper term.

The explosion, according to the official report, arose from the presence of gas which "came in contact with an open light." This is the official way of saying that the gas was ignited by a naked light, a very different thing. If a barrel of gunpowder walks up to a man with a candle in his hand and explodes itself at it, neither the man nor his employer can be held responsible for the results. But if the man walks up to the gunpowder with his candle and explodes it with this candle, or fires a shot into it, surely the man, or his employer, is responsible for the damage! The latter is what occurred at Blantyre. The hypothetical case and the actual case are precisely identical. The official report states in the plainest and most unmistakable language "*that gas was always at the stoops*," and that "*shot-firing there was most dangerous, and ought not for one moment to have been permitted.*" Yet, the official report continues, "*there is no doubt that gunpowder was used there.*" The facts of the case are thus so simple that if a child four years old were to do in the smallest degree what the managers of this mine were guilty of, he would be severely punished. In a place where "gas was always present" they allowed shots to be fired, and naked lights to be used a little distance from it!

But not only did the managers explode the gas. They carefully collected it till there was enough to wreck the mine and kill nearly 250 men. The ventilation, according to the official report, was not only insufficient, but was conducted in such a manner as to increase the danger instead of diminishing it. The inspectors say "that the air, after passing the stooping operations, passed on to other working places." Here, again, we must strip the naked fact of its disguise of official language, and express it in ruder words. The air intended to ventilate other working places was conducted past the stoops, where gas was always present, and, instead of ventilating other working places, did exactly the contrary, and impregnated them with the explosive. That is the whole, simple history of the tragedy. The managers of the mine carefully collected a vast amount of gas at one part of the pit, carried it to another part, and finally sent a man to explode it. This may seem an uncharitable way of putting the matter, and many people would prefer the substitution of the word "carelessly" for "carefully." That would certainly make a considerable difference. But we do not at all feel in-

clined to make that difference for many reasons. The primary cause of the explosion was the accumulation of gas. The gas accumulated because there was an insufficient and badly conducted ventilation. The ventilation was insufficient and badly conducted, because the proprietors did not care to go to the expense of providing sufficient ventilation. The proprietors may plead ignorance of the state of the mine. That would have to be proved. If proved, then gross neglect occurred on the part of the managers. They were either unconscientious, incompetent, or careless men, and for the acts of such men the proprietors are legally responsible. The proprietors may take their choice of the alternative. They are either only legally or both morally and legally responsible for the explosion and its results. They will doubtless prove that such is their own private opinion likewise. Their property has greatly suffered. They have incurred a serious loss. Now, if they were ignorant of the state of the mine, if they are indignant at the gross and criminal neglect of their managers, by whose carelessness 250 men lost their lives, and material damage was caused to the works, will they prosecute these managers? If they do not, what is the only and irresistible conclusion to be drawn? They accept the moral guilt of killing 250 men. We should be sorry to believe in their guilt, and hope they will endeavour to absolve themselves. But that in no way affects their legal responsibility. They are bound to make good what they destroyed by their wilful neglect or ignorance, and not appear as mendicants, soliciting alms from the public. That is a contemptible behaviour, to condemn which no expression is too strong. If they are poor men, and the fulfilment of their legal and moral duties should mean ruin to them, then they might fitly appeal to the public for assistance—provided always that they can come forward with clean hands. If they cannot, ruin is a just punishment.

The proprietors of mines should be made pecuniarily responsible by Act of Parliament for disasters due to neglect and flagrant carelessness. What hope there is of this being done, if left to Government, and the proprietors, appears sufficiently from the report. There we find that, in order to prevent such catastrophes, the inspectors "would suggest" and "would recommend" this, that, and the other, that has been "suggested" and "recommended" hundreds of times without effect. This gentle wording of the official report is simply the initiatory step to laying it in the pigeon-holes of oblivion. It will bury its predecessors a little deeper till it is buried in turn by its successor, if the matter is allowed to drop. Beyond stating that the law has been flagrantly contravened, and "suggestions" that the law should be observed, the inspectors say nothing. It may not be within their province to say more. But it is clear that the infringement of every law entails a penalty, and it is equally clear that this penalty should be enforced. In our former article, we pointed out that no penalty would be so efficacious as full pecuniary compensation for the damage inflicted, and that this compensation should be calculated according to the capitalised value of the men destroyed.

The owners of collieries take good care to insure their dead machinery, their boilers, their pumps, their engines. Why should they not also insure their living machinery—the lives of their men? The premium they would have to pay would vary with the character of the mine, with its danger or comparative safety; and as the insurance companies would be the chief losers by a disaster, and have no interest in the profit derived from the mines, they furnish *eo ipso* a strong guarantee that every possible precaution would be taken against the occurrence of a catastrophe which would cost them thousands of pounds. In fact, it might be advisable to frame an Act of Parliament obliging all owners of mines—or at least of such mines reported dangerous by the inspectors—to insure their men's lives for their capitalised value, because if they were made personally responsible for a large sum of money they might prefer absconding to paying or even not be able to pay it.

BAITING BISHOPS.

A Bishop has always been considered fair game. Gibbon remarks of one of the least delicate stories in his famous notes that "an eminent prelate, lately deceased, was in the habit of telling this anecdote after dinner." Sydney Smith said we should never be safe from railway accidents till a Bishop was killed in one; "even Sodor and Man would be better than nothing." And quite lately the *Times*, in a spasm of temporary vigour, declared that "nothing but some mysterious pleasure, only to be appreciated by actual experience, could induce men of ordinary taste and intelligence to parade the world in the grotesque garb of an English Bishop." That a Bishop can occasionally retaliate with force and effect has been shown by the Bishop of Peterborough's recent reply to Mr. Bright. Nor was an element of humour entirely absent from the Archbishop of Canterbury's release of Mr. Ridsdale from an obligation in which the Archbishop did not believe by virtue of a dispensing power which he was not conscious of possessing. But such frank and unabashed cynicism is necessarily rare in a Christian prelate, and even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself seems unable to contemplate with equanimity the irritating triumph of Mr. Tooth. At least we can conceive no other reason for the slightly surprising phenomenon of the head of the English Church upon earth instructing his chaplain to send a Memorandum to the *Times*, reflecting in a partly legal and wholly ineffectual manner on the recent judgment of the Queen's Bench Division. But Mr. Tooth, in the plenitude of his Christian charity, forgives his persecutors from the bottom of his heart, and, secure in the protection of a quibbling technicality, promises not to bring against them actions which would have no chance of succeeding. While, therefore, Mr. Tooth's past success is naturally galling to the wiseacres who produced the Public Worship Regulation Act, his future career gives no immediate promise of embarrassment. Far otherwise is it with Mr. Mackonochie.

This enterprising gentleman having pleaded, in the *Nineteenth Century*, for that apostolical poverty which, he says, would follow on disestablishment and disendowment, but which would scarcely befall the adored incumbent of St. Alban's, Holborn, has apparently set himself to prove that in no church, Established or otherwise, would his ecclesiastical superiors have an easy time of it. Such, at any rate, is the conclusion to which we are led by a correspondence published in Monday's *Times*. This interesting attempt to bring Mr. Mackonochie within the range of the pastoral crook opens with a letter from the Bishop of London, in which his Lordship complains of "the erection, without authority, in the Church of St. Alban, of a picture of the Virgin Mary, before which flowers and candles are placed, and of a large crucifix suspended opposite to the pulpit." We believe that such ornaments require a "faculty" before they can be set up, and certainly it requires some special faculty, episcopal or otherwise, to understand why they are out of place in a building set apart for Christian worship. But the Bishop of London considers them illegal, and adjures Mr. Mackonochie, by his oath of canonical obedience, to remove them. Mr. Mackonochie, however, is a child of the age, on whom the "Time-Spirit," or some equally demoralising influence, has wrought, and he declines to be vanquished by an appeal to oaths. He is "very sorry that I cannot return your Lordship the answer which you desire." It seems that the crucifix and picture are "deeply valued by the people, especially the poor, as standing witnesses for the two cardinal doctrines of Christianity—the Incarnation and the Atonement." Mr. Mackonochie has probably not read a recent description of the effect which such churches and such services as his own produce upon some of the "faithful laity." "I every now and then," said Mr. Rose ('New Republic,' vol. ii. pp. 132-3), "when I am in the weary mood for it,

attend the services of our English Ritualists, and I admire their churches very much indeed. In some places the whole thing is really managed with surprising skill. The dim religious twilight, fragrant with the smoke of incense; the tangled roofs that the music seems to cling to; the tapers, the high altar, and the strange intonation of the priests, all produce a curious old-world effect, and seem to unite one with things that have been long dead. Indeed, it all seems to me far more a part of the past than the services of the Catholics." That may or may not be further from the truth than Mr. Mackonochie's account, but it may be as well for once to place the two side by side.

Mr. Mackonochie proceeds with a delicious piece of impertinence. "Moreover, such objects of Christian art have been declared legal by the judgment in the Exeter Cathedral Reredos case—*a fact which is of no importance to me, but of much from your Lordship's point of view.*" We believe that the judgment alluded to was carefully narrowed to the facts of the particular case, but the delight of a Christian priest when he has the law, which he habitually repudiates, on his side, is too touching to be wantonly marred by such technical considerations. Mr. Mackonochie then proceeds to charge the author of the 'Sinfulness of Little Sins' by implication with being an Arian and a Deist, and to comment unfavourably on the mitigated form of persecution pursued towards Bishop Colenso, which is generally supposed to have gone tolerably far, inasmuch as the interference of the Privy Council was necessary to save the Bishop from the illegal stoppage of his salary. "In the sight of God" Mr. Mackonochie declines to obey the orders of his Bishop, to whom he has sworn obedience. Some persons may be reminded of Erskine's language in the 'Anti-Jacobin,' where he says that he "is in the eye—he had almost said in the hand—of God, to whom, in the presence of the company and the waiters, he confidently appealed." Others may think of a certain verse of Euripides, and of "keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope" of a disappointed Bishop. The Bishop of London, however, sends a *verbosa et grandis epistola* in reply, in one passage of which he hits Mr. Mackonochie rather hard. "Nor should I be willing to believe," says his Lordship, "even on your own suggestion, that the faith of your people rested on so frail a foundation as an image or a picture." He then proceeds, by a process of exhaustion, in the course of which he falls into the blunder recently corrected by the Judges of the Queen's Bench, that the Public Worship Act created no jurisdiction, to show that Mr. Mackonochie has "declared himself independent of all coercive jurisdiction at present existing in the Church to which he belongs." This principle has been more vigorously and coarsely expressed in the 'Biglow Papers,' in the form "that every man should do as he dam pleases." There are, however, two exceptions to this great rule, the one being a nigger, the other a Mexican. An English Bishop is not allowed to wallop his own incumbent, but he can still wallop his incumbent's curates, and he is himself so much restricted by the force of public criticism as to be almost in the position of the aforesaid Mexican—*servus inter liberos*. The Bishop's letter concludes with the *dernier ressort* of defeated theologians—a threat of recourse to the secular arm. "If I were you, I wouldn't speak with my mouth full," said the unsuccessful disputant in a prandial discussion on a theological subject. "If you won't admit," says the Bishop of London, "that I have the best of the argument, I must summon you before my Consistorial Court."

On the threshold of this dread tribunal we must leave Mr. Mackonochie. But we leave him in good confidence that he will emerge with a whole skin. He has already defied the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and even that sacerdotal layman Sir Robert Phillimore, and has suffered neither in purse nor in person. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Bishop of London's Court will succeed where two higher tribunals have failed. Some little formality will be omitted, some little flaw will be found, and the haughty scorner of his country's laws will take advantage of the law's contemptuous protection against his ecclesiastical superiors. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and the assistance of the Lord Chief Justice and other eminent Churchmen may be invoked for the purpose of suppressing episcopal pretensions. Meanwhile, it is comparatively easy to gain controversial victories over the present Bench of Bishops, and many Ritualists must feel devoutly thankful that Thirlwall is no longer with us. Mr. MacColl, too, can scarcely have forgotten how he was left "in the ignominious position which he had laboriously constructed for himself," nor Archdeacon Denison how he was defended against his persecutors by the flattering plea that when a man held inconsistent opinions he was entitled in a court of criminal justice to be credited with the more harmless of the two. The Bishop of Peterborough is too cautious a man to enter the lists, though he did once point out that "you cannot expel materialism from philosophy by introducing it into religion," and it is left to laymen to demonstrate that exemption from secular control involves the loss of secular patronage.

THE CUSTOM OF THE TRADE AT MANCHESTER.

A very remarkable and significant judgment has been delivered by Sir George Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, in the case of Williamson Brothers and Co. against Robert Barbour and Brother. The action was brought by the Messrs. Williamson, merchants and agents of Calcutta, and now also of Manchester, against the present and past members of the firm of Robert Barbour and Brother, merchants and commission agents of Manchester, and its object was to open settled accounts between the two firms for a number of years, and to obtain repayment of alleged overcharges in the accounts of the defendants as agents for the plaintiffs. The case has occupied five days, and the evidence has been most voluminous, a "perfect mountain of books," as one of the learned counsel remarked, having been brought over from Calcutta and up from Manchester. Substantially, however, the facts lay within a very narrow compass. Robert Barbour and Brother were agents in Manchester for the firm of Williamson Brothers and Co. of Calcutta, and used to purchase on their account, and forward for them to India, various kinds of Manchester goods, and more especially what are known as white and grey shirtings. In the course of their business, they had, as the agents of Williamson Brothers and Co., to buy these goods in a more or less raw state; to have them submitted to various manufacturing processes necessary to render them saleable in India; to pack them and ship them to the plaintiffs, and to insure them for the voyage. They had also to discount bills sent over to them by the plaintiffs, and to collect moneys due to the plaintiffs; and there seems to be no manner of doubt whatever that in each and all these matters they acted as the plaintiffs' agents, and were paid, or professed to be paid, a fixed commission. It is, however, alleged against them, and Sir George Jessel has found the allegation proved, that in a number of ways they both attempted to make, and actually made, an irregular profit at the expense of their principals. They accepted discounts and other allowances from the manufacturing houses, with which they omitted to credit the Calcutta firm; they made various other commissions in the course of the manufacturing processes to which the goods were subjected; they secured certain small profits on the freight and shipping; they charged for insurances which they never effected, taking the risk themselves, and thus acting as insurees for their principals. They also appear to have made a profit on the bills which were sent over to them to be discounted; to have kept balances in their hands

lying idle; to have charged interest on accounts which had been actually paid; and to have sold goods of their own to their principals at a profit, under the representation that they had been purchased in the open market. The defence to these charges was, in substance, firstly, a denial of their truth in fact, and, secondly, a plea that they were justified by the recognised custom of trade and business among Manchester merchants. On both points Sir George Jessel has decided in favour of the plaintiffs; and although notice of appeal from his decision has been given, there is very little reason to doubt that his view of the case will be upheld by the Lords Justices, and after them by the House of Lords, to which a case involving in itself no less a sum than 100,000*l.*, and threatening to unsettle the accounts of every merchant in Manchester, is certain to be ultimately carried.

Sir George Jessel grounds his judgment not upon any decided cases or old precedents, but upon broad and long recognised principles of law. Nothing is more certain than that any profit which an agent paid by a fixed commission may make at the expense of his principal, is illegal in itself, and that he can be called upon to account for it. He is, in short, trustee for his principal, and is bound to account for every penny that passes through his fingers. If, being a Manchester man, he is employed to buy goods for a Calcutta house, and to ship them to Calcutta, it is his duty to buy them as cheaply as possible, to ship them as cheaply as possible, and to charge his principal nothing beyond the commission agreed upon between them. It would seem, however, according to the evidence given in the present case, that it is "the recognised custom" amongst Manchester merchants, when they act as agents for foreign houses, to buy goods below the market price if they can possibly be bought, and to charge them at the market price; to accept a commission from the manufacturers through whose hands the goods pass, and a further commission upon their carriage; and to make a yet further percentage on the discount of the bills sent over to them in payment. A number of small charges such as these soon mount up to a very considerable total. The customary charge of a commission merchant ought to be at the outside something like 5 per cent. on the total value of the purchase. If, however, he purchases at a discount of 10 per cent., with which he does not credit his principal, he increases his commission to 15 per cent. If he nibbles a little more on various manufacturing processes, and a little more on shipping charges, and a little more for insurance premiums which he has never paid, he can of course easily run up his actual profits from 5 to something like 20 or even 30 per cent. This total he can further augment by a slight commission on the discounting of bills; and one way and another it is by no means out of the question that, on the turn-over of the year, he should have made at the expense of his principals, not 5 per cent. on the invoiced amount of the purchases effected for them, but 35 or even 40. According to the arguments employed by the counsel for the defendants in the present case, it has for years been the recognised custom of Manchester business that these profits should be made, and a Manchester commission merchant is, by the custom of Manchester, justified in regarding himself not as the agent of his principal, but as a trader on his own account, who is entitled to any profit which he can possibly squeeze out of the transaction. Various subtle arguments to this effect were laid before the Court by the Attorney-General and Mr. Benjamin. It was, for instance, urged that in discounting the bills of the Messrs. Williamson the Barbours were acting as bankers, and were consequently entitled to the customary banking charges. It was further contended that although they had charged insurance premiums, which had never been paid, they yet, inasmuch as they held themselves and remained liable for the value of the goods, were themselves acting as insurees, and were consequently making a perfectly legitimate claim. It was also maintained that when ordered by their principals to buy white shirtings they were entitled to buy grey shirtings, to manufacture them into white, and to charge as against their principals the profits on the remanufacture. Of all these contentions Sir George Jessel has very summarily disposed. It is, in his opinion, clear that the plaintiffs have made out their case "fourfold" for reopening the accounts, and he has accordingly made a decree that an account is to be taken of all the profits made by the defendants over and above their agreed commission, and that they pay that amount to the plaintiffs, together with the costs of the case. It is believed by those who are cognisant of the facts that, when the accounts are completed, judgment will have to be entered for a sum very closely approaching the total of 100,000*l.* In any case, it is admitted that, whichever way the ultimate decision of the House of Lords may incline, the business of Manchester will be affected to the extent of at least three or four millions a-year.

Whatever may in the end prove to be the strict law of the case, there are no two opinions possible as to its merits. The agent is trustee for his principal, and is bound in every respect and particular to consult his principal's interest. It is easy to understand that men of business, not over scrupulous or over nice of honour, are in the habit of making small and illicit profits, and that a spurious custom may thus grow up, until at last such roguery has come to be considered by the rogues themselves as perfectly legal. If this be the case, as much of the evidence given before the Master of the Rolls would seem to indicate, it is high time that merchants and commission agents of this kind were brought to their senses. The "custom of the trade," whatever the particular trade may be, is allowed to supplement the law but never to over-ride it, and the law of agent and principal is fortunately far too clear to be disturbed by any alleged custom of Manchester. Indeed, the principal feature of public interest in the present case is the strange light which it lets upon Manchester morality. It would seem to be an accepted principle amongst Manchester men that in commerce, as in love and in war, everything is fair. From this delusion they will be rudely awakened by Sir George Jessel's judgment.

Commercial morality has of late years been somewhat questionable, and it is matter of congratulation that our Courts of Law should, in several recent decisions, have done strict and stern justice. The ruling of Sir George Jessel ranks with those given in the cases of Twycross and Grant and of Baxter Langley and Swindlehurst. It is a protest, and we hope an effective protest, against the present lax notions entertained amongst business men. *Caveat emptor* is a justifiable maxim in the open market; but in applying it to fiduciary relations, such as those between agent and principal, Manchester merchants have, as probably not a few of them will before long find, rendered themselves liable to a very heavy reckoning.

LAWFUL ENGLISH.

An American striving to keep pure "the well of English undefiled" is a noble spectacle, and it is not surprising that Mr. W. C. Bryant should have received many compliments on his *Index Expurgatorius*, as it has been called. The mere fact that an American editor should have drawn up for the guidance of his staff a list of words which he would not permit to be used in his journal because he did not consider them good English, is sufficient in itself to draw closer the bonds between the two countries. It is reassuring for those who despair of the future of the English language in the lawless hands of ready writers on the other side of the Atlantic that any voice should be heard preaching respect for established usage, and trying to make the forces of innovation march in straight lines. That there should be champions of purity in America is satisfactory even for those who, however scant their sympathy

with the narrow views and perverse caprices of purists, still regard their efforts as an important factor in preventing liberty of word-coining from degenerating into license. At the same time, there are so many words in Mr. Bryant's list against whose use in their proper place pedantry only could protest, that we can hardly suppose that Mr. Bryant, in interdicting his staff from the use of such words, wished to see them banished from the language altogether. It is quite possible that there were members of Mr. Bryant's staff so attached to particular expressions that they wearied his ear with them, and drove him in desperation to lay an interdict upon their favourites. Such things occasionally happen even in this country, though here, with our constitutional habits, the editor can hardly venture upon a dictatorial prohibition, and generally some compromise is effected, such as that a contributor must not use a darling adjective more than ten times in the same column, or must not draw from a beloved mediæval author more than half-a-dozen illustrations in one article. In no other way can we account for Mr. Bryant's hatred to such harmless words as "seaboard," "beat" (for defeat), "Brother Jonathan," "John Bull," "loafer," "rough," "rowdy," "humbug," and so forth, all legitimate enough in their proper place, and not beneath the dignity of journalism, though they might sound startling in a Bishop's pastoral.

Some of the words in Mr. Bryant's list show that he was bitten with the Anglo-Saxon mania which raged so furiously some years ago. It is evident that the list was drawn up, or at least added to, after Dean Alford's agitation in favour of what he called the Queen's English, and after the publication of Dickens's novel 'Our Mutual Friend.' We may fairly conjecture this from the presence, in the *Index*, of such words as—"mutual," "commence," "conclusion," "début," "employé," "endorse," "jubilant," "realised," "repudiate," "residence," "subsequently," "proximity," "vicinity," "reliable." None of these words deserve the sentence of condemnation which a few zealots tried to get passed upon them; they are useful words—sometimes for variety, sometimes for brevity, sometimes for sound, sometimes for sense, and no sentence from any authority would prevent people from using them when they had occasion. With regard to the word "reliable," which we see is condemned by one of our contemporaries as a word which "everyone who has not lost his sense of propriety in language must detest," an excellent little book has recently been written by Mr. Fitzedward Hall.* This monograph is a masterpiece of minute scholarship, and may be commended to the numerous army of writers who dogmatise upon questions of philology without having taken the trouble to qualify themselves to form an opinion. The objection to the word "reliable" is of the kind that may be called "vulgar," in the inoffensive sense of that adjective. The untrained mind is caught at once by the sophism that if we are to have an adjective based upon "rely" with the meaning "capable of being relied upon," it ought to take the form "relyonable," and readily believes the statement that the form "reliable" is contrary to the usage of English derivation. It takes careful reading and philological acumen to prove, as incontestably as Mr. Hall has done, that though "reliable" belongs to a small family, it is not without congeners, and that it can plead in its favour the authority of some of the most eminent names in English literature. Nothing could be wider of the mark than to stigmatise "reliable" as an Americanism, as was the fashion when the crusade against the poor word was begun. So far as Mr. Hall has been able to trace the use of the word, its father or godfather in English was Coleridge, who used it first in the *Morning Post* in 1800, and frequently afterwards when it suited his meaning. Among modern authorities for *reliable*, Mr. Hall enumerates Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Charles Dickens, Dean Mansel, Father Newman, Mr. Gladstone, Miss Martineau, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Charles Reade, Professor Whitney, Mr. G. P. Marsh. Nor does he forget to mention the *Saturday Review*, into which the innocent word has often crept, in spite of the denunciations, ferocious and oracular, of one of its contributors. Mr. Hall's argument from analogy is equally conclusive. It is true that, after a searching examination, he can produce only two words in common use which have been formed in the same way as *reliable*—*conversable* and *disposable*, "capable of being conversed *with*," and "capable of being disposed *of*." But he shows, in the course of his elaborate disquisition, that it is quite in accordance with the genius of the language to make an ellipsis of the preposition when such formations are resolved upon.

Some of those who object to *reliable* show an equal antipathy to *objectionable*. In fact, their idea seems to be that all adjectives in *-able* should be banished from the language, except such as are formed from verbs with an active or a passive sense. Such impetuous philologers would do well to read Mr. Hall's list of adjectives in "-able," which have sprung from substantives. It comprises such respectable and well-assured words as *actionable*, *companionable*, *conscionable*, *creditable*, *equitable*, *exceptionable*, *fashionable*, *hospitable*, *impressionable*, *marriageable*, *peaceable*, *personable*, *rateable*, *reasonable*, *seasonable*, *serviceable*, *statutable*, *treasonable*, *veritable*. It would be rash to make a clean sweep of these words, the recognised and established results of a process of formation which has operated for centuries, in order to reconcile the actual usage of the suffix "-able" with pedantic conceptions of what the usage ought to be. Language repudiates such lawgivers. A vigilant editor may draw up an *Index Expurgatorius*, and see that its prohibitions are carried out, but a word that has once struggled into existence cannot be extinguished by an Act of Parliament. It will insist upon living its life, and, when it dies, it dies a natural death. There is no law for words but usage. When a new word comes to supply a felt want, it may always depend upon being aided and abetted to break any other law. People who object to its formation, or whose ears are offended by its sound, are of course perfectly right in urging their objections to it; but, on the other hand, people who find it useful to give a shade to their meaning, or who are caught by some charm in the sound of it, are equally entitled to employ it, without fear or trembling, and to deride as pedants all who seek to interfere with them.

* 'On English Adjectives ending in -able, with special reference to Reliable.' Trübner.

SULKING.

A wise virgin—one whose lamp was so full of oil that the wick would not light—once declared that the Apostles never laughed. If so, it is much to their credit that only one of them turned out badly. It is true that, as we have been told, "a man may smile and smile, and be a villain," but there is nevertheless a connexion more than accidental between a sense of humour, and moral, as well as intellectual, sanity. Psychological introspection will show that it is not in his hours of levity that a man is tempted to poison his grandmother. His playful quips, his frisks, freaks, and frolics, take a wholly different turn. The gravest moralists are agreed that more than one of the foul fiends who assail the human soul cannot be successfully withstood in pitched battle, by the sword and buckler of a hand-to-hand combat, but must be baffled and out-manœuvred by the Parthian shafts of ridicule. The awful fate of the man who formed the insane resolution to be perfectly wise, has been told once, and need not be told again. Had he started life with an 'Encomium Moriae' in his pocket, his fortunes would have been very different. But these are philosophical generalities.

Sulking is a vice, a sport and an art. People sulk either because it is their nature to do so, or to amuse themselves, or to gain some private end. The sportive sulk, the flirtatious *bouderie*, which is practicable only between persons of a certain age and of opposite sexes, needs no justification. It must be admitted to be harmless, diverting, and instructive. It is a theme,

however, on which it is superfluous to enlarge, since words would fail to reproduce its evanescent flavour to those who have enjoyed it, and would carry no meaning to those who have not. But this playful fencing is one thing, a deliberate, confirmed sulk is another. There is a sullen moroseness, which seems to spring from some congenital vice in the blood, and which is developed partly by the tolerance of weak-spirited victims, and partly by the success which wiser people, to avoid perpetual contest, often allow it to achieve. More of what may be called the low tragedy of domestic life comes from this than from any other cause. This temper grows in time to a fixed habit of oppression and injustice, from which those who let it flourish are the first to smart. A little resolute opposition, especially when spiced with a few grains of ridicule, a clear if unspoken intimation that their persons are not indispensable nor their whims the final law of the universe, will, if offered in time, convince these household pests that other people besides themselves have rights and feelings. The intercourse of society does practically subject them to these restraints. But there still remains the domestic sphere, within which there may be no power strong enough and courageous enough to revolt, and where they can find ample compensation for the checks they are forced to submit to in the world outside. Often, too, the sulker—the malignant sulker—finds that he cannot put on his good manners along with his dress coat, and the unfriendly welcome which he consequently meets with in society leads him more and more to withdraw from it. He can then devote his leisure and undivided attention to his own family. We say "he," because this is not the way in which even very mischievous women make themselves a nuisance. The weapons of their warfare are of another kind. The most diabolical feature in the terrorism by which one ill-conditioned inmate can make a house intolerable is his own consciousness and enjoyment of it, reminding one of nothing so much as of the vivisector of popular imagination gloating over the convulsions of the stolen lapdog.

But this is the vice rather than the art of sulking. The latter may be carried to a remarkable perfection by those who are wholly free from the former. Few talents are more useful and fruitful in domestic life if the management of it be understood aright. An excessive or inopportune exercise of it mars the effect; it must be applied with judgment, caution, and discrimination. A single example will throw more light on the matter than a hundred generalities. You are going to travel on the Continent with a friend of impressible and susceptible character. He is anxious to reach Switzerland by way of the Rhine, which he has never seen; you know it by heart, and hanker after the fleshpots and frivolities of Paris. In planning your route you will not commit the blunder of making a fight then and there to carry the point. The position must be turned, not stormed. You tell the unsuspecting victim that the route to the mountains can stand over till you have made out the more complicated problem of your route in them; and in arranging your wanderings from Chamounix to Luzern and from Pontresina to Zermatt, you will display a temper so yielding and unselfish, you will so obviously be thinking more of your friend's interest than of your own, that you will not only beguile him into more than corresponding concessions as to Switzerland, but gain a vantage-ground and leverage for winning your object as to Paris. But when you come to that point you find him restive. He does not half like giving up the Rhine. All his friends have seen it, and talk about it. He has been in Paris before, last July, and found it a frying-pan. He has a pretty cousin whose sketch-book is filled with pictures of the river from Bingen to Bonn, and journal with appropriate quotations from Heine and Uhland. He was turning it over with her only last week. He is no epicure, poor thing, and would as soon devour blood-sausage on *sauerkraut* flavoured with sugar and horse-radish sauce—which is the dish that awaits him at Heidelberg—as let the choicest morsels of the Restaurant Voisin linger lovingly on his tongue. So he stands out against you. It is now that by a little judicious display of ill-temper you will reap the fruits of your previous compliance. You tell him carelessly that you have let him have his own way about Switzerland, and that concessions may just as well be mutual; you shrug your shoulders, look stonily virtuous for a minute or two, then walk to the window, and begin to whistle. After a short pause you return to the table where he is sitting in embarrassed silence, and ask him in a tone of calm, half-scornful forgiveness, whether he would like to have that knapsack of yours, the straps of which just fit his shoulders. He will consent on the spot to go by way of Paris. You will have gained your brother—and your point.

But success in all such cases depends on hitting the happy mean between too much and too little sulking, on a quick and pliant intuition into the temperament of your companion, and on your power of keeping from him any suspicion that the performance is not genuine. The last condition is vital. A reputation for bluff integrity has stood many a man in good stead in the dramatic situations of his life, and enabled him to accomplish audacious histrionic feats, to achieve masterstrokes of duplicity, at which your easy-going man of the world would stand aghast. A man who has once got the name of wearing his heart on his sleeve may play any trick he likes with impunity. The kind and degree of sulking must be carefully adapted to the age, sex, and disposition of the victim. With some, no kind or degree of it succeeds at all. Let all such go in peace. There are other natures—stolid and wooden—on whom nothing but the sulk direct, the brutal sulk, makes any impression; but there is no artistic satisfaction in dealing, even successfully, with such material. Then there is the sulk oblique, subdivided into (1) the super-polite sulk, in which the operator behaves with distant but unfailing courtesy, and tortures with a vitriolic benevolence; and (2) the sulk by implication, in which the victim is wholly ignored, and an abundance of delicate and respectful attentions are lavished on a third party present. This is said, by persons of experience to be a very judicious method of dealing with a female victim. They affirm that it rarely fails of its effect, and that the lack of persistence in the female character makes a successful retaliation impracticable.

The methods of baulking and frustrating the sulker are as various as his own aggressive tactics. There is one general principle pervading them all—to avoid anything in the shape of remonstrance and expostulation, to keep clear of the high moral tone. The sulker himself may adopt it with advantage; used with discretion it may be a formidable weapon of attack, but it is worthless as a means of defence. The brutal sulk is best met by open derision, by incisive but good-humoured personalities. It is necessary that the enemy should be made to feel that he will accomplish nothing whatever by his own display of ill-humour except the increase of your amusement and enjoyment of life. There should be no concessions, no meeting of him half-way. You must fix your countenance in its calmest, sunniest expression, puff with genial complacency at your pipe, hold your glass of old port up to the light with a twinkle of lazy satisfaction in your half-shut eyes, stretch your legs and gaze now and then at your adversary with a sleepy good-humoured yawn—and by-and-by he will find it better to come round. The super-polite sulk, on the other hand, is to be met with its own weapons—with an easy, smiling courtesy, with a ready, slightly over-demonstrative response, with attentions sufficiently pressing for the irony they imply to be perceptible to an observant bystander. But the irony must be sprightly, and not of the sour-sweet kind. This method rarely fails even when you are alone with your antagonist, and never, if skilfully applied, in company. As to the sulk by implication, this, as we have pointed out, is mostly used by the rougher against the lovelier half of humanity. As they cannot retort in kind with much chance of success, we must leave it to their ingenuity (which passeth knowledge) to find out the appropriate reprisal.

POETRY.

MY FLOWER.

Oh! it waited all through the year to bloom,
Waited, and weathered the wind, the gloom,
Pent, and folded, and shaded.
Oh! it blossom'd at last for an hour, an hour,
The beautiful, beautiful sun-kiss'd flower!
And at blaze of the noon-tide, faded.

Faded, and fell in the fervid air
That had nursed its waking, and made it fair;
Dead with the passion of living.
Oh! spent, and lost, for ever and aye!
A year of work for an hour of play!
A gift withdrawn at the giving!

How shall I measure the good, the ill,
The pain of waiting, the pain of fill,
Long hoping, and short fruition?
Shall I nip the buds lest they shed their flowers
In the swift, sweet warmth of meridian hours?
Shall I call the shedding, perdition?

No: buds must open, and flowers must blow,
So kiss them passing, and let them go,
With not too heavy a sorrow!
Petals are frail of the fairest flower,
Yet the fruit at its broken heart hath power
To yield new beauty to-morrow.

L. S. Bevington.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"HELL ON WHEELS."

We step out from the excellent little railway hotel, in which we have taken up our quarters, on to the broad platform, and into the warm light of the afternoon.

"Bell," says our gentle Queen T., looking rather wistfully along the pale rampart of the Rocky Mountains, "these are the walls of your future home. Will you go up to the top of an evening, and wave a handkerchief to us?—and we will try to answer you from Mickleham Downs?"

"On Christmas night we will send you many a message," said Bell, looking down.

"And my husband and myself," said Lady Sylvia, quite simply, "you will let us join in that, too."

"But do you expect to be out here till Christmas?" said Bell, with well-affected surprise.

"I don't think my husband would come to America," said Lady Sylvia, in the most matter-of-fact way, "after what has happened, unless he meant to stay."

"Oh, if you could only be near us!" cried Bell; but she dared not say more.

"That would be very pleasant," Lady Sylvia answered, with a smile, "but of course I don't know what my husband's plans are. We shall know our way more clearly when he comes to Idaho. It will seem so strange to sit down and shape one's life anew; but I suppose a good many people have got to do that."

By this time the lieutenant had secured a carriage, which was standing at the end of the platform, along with a pony for himself.

"Now, Mrs. von Rosen," said he, "air you ready? Guess you've come up from the ranch to have a frolic? Got your dollars ready for the gambling-saloons?"

"And if I have?" said she, boldly. "They are licensed by the Government; why should I not amuse myself in these places?"

"Madam," replied her husband, sternly, "the Puritan nation into which you have married permits of no such vices. Cheyenne must follow Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden——"

"No doubt," said the sharper-tongued of our women-folk, who invariably comes to the assistance of her friend, "no doubt that will follow when your pious Emperor has annexed the State."

"I beg your pardon, Madame," says the lieutenant, politely, "but Wyoming is not a State—it is only a territory."

"I don't suppose it would matter," she retorts, carelessly, "if the Hohenzollerns could get their hands on it anyhow But, never mind. Come along, Bell, and let us see what sort of neighbours you are likely to have."

They were no doubt rather rough-looking fellows, those gentlemen who lounged about the doors of the drinking-saloons; but there were more picturesque figures visible in the open thoroughfares, riding along on stalwart little ponies, the horsemen, bronzed of face, clad mostly in buckskin, and with a good deal of ornament about their saddle and stirrups. As for Cheyenne itself, there was certainly nothing about its outward appearance to entitle anyone to call it "Hell on wheels." Its flat rectangular streets were rather dismal in appearance; there seemed to be little doing even in the drinking-saloons. But brisker times, we were assured, were at hand. The rumours about the gold to be had in the Black Hills would draw to this point the adventurers of many lands, as free with their money as with their language. Here they would fit themselves out with the waggons and weapons necessary for the journey up to the Black Hills; here they would return—the Sioux permitting—to revel in the delights of keno, and poker, and Bourbon whisky. Cheyenne would return to its pristine glory, when life—so long as you could cling on to it—was a brisk and exciting business. Certainly the Cheyenne we saw was far from being an exciting place. It was in vain that we implored our Bell to step down and bowie-knife somebody, or do something to let us understand what Cheyenne was in happier times. There was not a single corpse lying at any of the saloon-doors, nor any duel being fought in any street. The glory had departed.

But when we got away from these few chief thoroughfares, and got to the outskirts of Cheyenne, we were once more forcibly reminded of our native land; for a better representation of Epsom Downs on the morning after the Derby-day could not be found anywhere, always with the difference that here the land is flat and arid. The odd fashion in which these wooden shanties and sheds—with some private houses here and there—are dotted down anyhow on the plain; their temporary look; the big advertisements; the desolate and homeless appearance of the whole place—all served to recall that dismal scene that is spread around the Grand Stand when the revellers have all returned to town. By-and-by, however, the last of these habitations disappeared, and we found ourselves out on a flat and sandy plain, that was taking a warm tinge from the gathering colour in the west. The Rocky Mountains were growing a bit darker in hue now; and that gave them a certain grandeur of aspect, distant as they were. But what was this strange thing ahead of us, far out on the plain? A cloud of dust rises into the golden air; we can hear the faint foot-falls of distant horses. The cloud comes nearer; the

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noise deepens; now it is the thunder of a troop of men on horseback, galloping down upon us as if to sweep us from the road.

"Forward, scout!" cried Bell, who had been getting up her Indian lore, to her husband on the pony, "hold up your right hand and motion them back—if they are friendly they will retire. Tell them the Great Father of the white men is well-disposed towards his red children——"

"—— and wouldn't cheat them out of a dollar even if he could get a third term of office by it ——"

But by this time the enemy had borne down upon us with such swiftness that he had gone right by before we could quite make out who he was. Indeed, amid such dust, the smartest cavalry-uniforms in the U.S. army must soon resemble a digger's suit.

We pushed on across the plain, and soon reached the point which these impetuous riders had just left—Fort Russell. The lieutenant was rather anxious to see what style of fortification the U.S. Government adopted to guard against any possible raid on the part of the Indians exasperated by the encroachments of the miners among the Black Hills; and so we all got down and entered Fort Russell, and had a pleasant walk round in the cool evening air. We greatly admired the pretty little houses built for the quarters of the married officers, and we appreciated the efforts made to get a few cotton-wood trees to grow on this arid soil; but as for fortifications, there was not so much as a bit of red-tape surrounding the enclosure. Our good friend who had conducted us hither only laughed when the lieutenant expressed his surprise.

"The Indians would as soon think of invading Washington as coming down here," said he.

"But they have come before," observed the lieutenant, "and that not very long ago. How many massacres did they make when the railway was being built——"

"Then there were fewer people—Cheyenne was only a few shanties——"

"Cheyenne!" cried the lieutenant, "Cheyenne a defence?—a handful of Indians, they would drive every shopkeeper out of the place in an hour——"

"I don't know about that," responded our companion for the time being. "The most of the men about here, Sir, I can assure you, have had their tussles with the Indians, and could make as good a stand as any soldiers could. But the Sioux won't come down here; they will keep to the hills, where we can't get at them."

"My good friend, this is what I cannot understand, and you will tell me," said the lieutenant, who was arguing only to obtain information. "You are driving the Indians to desperation. You make treaties; you allow the miners to break them; you send out your soldiers to massacre the Indians because they have killed the white men who had no right to come on their land. Very well: in time you will no doubt get them all killed. But suppose that the chiefs begin to see what is the end of it; and if they say that they must perish, but that they will perish in a great act of revenge, and if they sweep down here to cut your railway-line to pieces—which has brought all these people out—and to ravage Cheyenne, then what is the use of such forts as this Fort Russell and its handful of soldiers? What did I see in a book the other day—that the fighting men of these Indians alone were not less than 8,000 or 10,000; because the young men of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail people could easily be got to join the Sioux; and if they are to die, why should they not do some splendid thing?"

"Well, Sir," said our friend, patting the neck of one of his horses, as the ladies were getting into the carriage, "that would be fine—that would be striking in a book or a play. But you don't know the Indians. The Indians are cowards, Sir—take my word for it; and they don't fight except for plunder. They are revengeful—oh, yes; and malicious as snakes; but they wouldn't kill a man unless they could get his rifle, or his oxen, or something. The young men are different sometimes—they want scalps to make themselves big in the eyes of the gals; but you wouldn't find a whole tribe of Indians flinging their lives away just to make a fuss in the New York papers."

At this point we started off again across the plains; and the discussion was adjourned, as the Irish magistrate said, *sine die* until the evening. Only Bell was anxious to be assured that if Sitting Bull and his merry men should meditate one grand and final act of revenge they would not make their way down to the plains of Colorado, and take up their abode there; and she was greatly comforted when she heard that the chief trouble of the Government was that it could not get the Indians to forsake their native hills in the north and go down to the Indian territory in the south.

"I think, Mrs. von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, "that you will have some romantic stories to tell your children when you return to England. You would feel very proud if you compelled the Indians to address you as 'Brave Squaw! Brave Squaw!'"

"I can assure you I am not at all anxious to become a heroine," our Bell said, seriously; no doubt remembering that romantic incidents have sometimes a knack of leaving children motherless.

And now "the Rockies" had grown quite dramatic in their intensity of plum-colour; and there were flashing shoots of crimson fire high over the dusky peaks. But as we were driving eastward, we saw even more beautiful colours on the other horizon; for there were huge soft masses of colour that had their high ridges of snow touched with a pale saffron as the light went down. And then, when the sun had really sunk, we found that strange phenomenon again appear along the eastern horizon—a band of dull dead blue lying close to the land, where no clouds were, and fading into a warm crimson above. Had this belt of coloured shadow been a belt of mountains, we should have estimated them to be about 5,000 feet above the level of these plains, which are themselves 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; and a strange thing was that this dusky blue and the crimson above remained well into the twilight, when all the world around us was growing dark. It was in this wan twilight that we drove out to a lake which will no doubt form an ornamental feature in a big park when the Black Hills miners, gorged with wealth, come back to make Cheyenne a great city. The chief attraction of the lake, as we saw it, was the presence of a considerable number of wild-duck on the surface; but we did not stay long to look at them, for the reason that there were several boats out after them, and the tiny jets of pink fire that were from time to time visible in the silvery twilight showed that the occupants of the boats were firing pretty much at random. As we did not wish to have a charge of No. 5 shot for supper we drove off, and eventually were landed at the railway inn at Cheyenne.

We were quite conscious of having done an injustice to "Hell on wheels" in taking only this cursory glance at so famous a place; but then we knew that all our letters—and perhaps telegrams—were now at Idaho; and we wished to get on as soon as possible. But as the present writer was unanimously requested by the party to pay a tribute of gratitude to the clean and comfortable little inn at the station, he must now do so; only he must also confess that he was bribed, for the good-natured landlord was pleased, as we sat at supper, to send in to us, with his compliments, a bottle of real French champagne. Good actions should never go unrewarded; and so

the gentle reader is most earnestly entreated, the first time he goes to Cheyenne—in fact, he is entreated to go to Cheyenne anyhow—to stay at this inn, and give large orders. Moreover, the present writer, not wishing to have his conduct in this particular regarded as being too mercenary, would wish to explain that the bottle of champagne in question was, as we subsequently discovered, charged for in the bill, and honestly paid for too; but he cannot allow the landlord to be deprived of all credit for his hospitable intentions merely on account of an error on the part of the clerk. We drank to his health then; and we will do so now. Here is to your health, Mr. ——; and to yours, you kind friend, who showed us the non-fortified Fort Russell; and to yours, you young Canadian gentleman, who told us those sad stories about Denver; and we hereby invoke a malison on the Grand Central Hotel of that city, on account of its cockroaches, and its vinous decoctions, and its incivility—but all this is highly improper, and premature, and a breach of confidence.

We did indeed spend a pleasant evening that night at Cheyenne; for we had ordered for our banquet all the strangest dishes on the bill of fare, just to give our friends a notion of the sort of food they would have to encounter during their stay in the West. And then these steaks of antelope, and mountain sheep, and black-tailed deer, derived a certain romance from the presence, on the walls of the room, of splendid heads and antlers, until it appeared to us that we must be mighty hunters just sitting down to supper with the trophies won by our own sword and spear hung up around us. And then our Prussian strategist—who had acquired such a vast and intimate acquaintance with the Indians from his conversation with the Omaha idiot—proceeded to explain to us his plan of an Indian campaign; which showed that he was quite fitted to take the command of all the red men in Dacotah. We were treated to a dose of history, too; to show that in desperation the Indians have often risen to commit a general massacre, apparently with no ulterior motive whatever. And, of course, when Sitting Bull had swept down on Cheyenne and drank its taverns dry; and when he had swept down on Denver, and filled his pockets—if any—with sham French jewellery, surely he would come up to Idaho, to pay a certain young lady a friendly call?

"Bell," said her husband, "you shall have a laurel-wreath ready; and you will have all the neighbours trained and ready; and when the great chief approaches you will all burst out with 'Heil dir im Siegerkranz!'"

"In the meantime," said Bell, sedately, "if we are to catch the train for Denver at five in the morning, we had better get to bed."

LITERATURE.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

Servetus and Calvin. A Study of an Important Epoch in the Early History of the Reformation. By R. Willis, M.D. London: King and Co.

"We have," says Dr. Willis, "more than one book in English purporting to give an account of the life of Servetus, but none, I think, that is not either a compilation at second hand or a translation wholly or in principal part from the French." This is quite sufficient justification for the elaborate biography which Dr. Willis has here given us of the protomartyr of modern free thought; a work based on a conscientious re-examination of all original sources, though necessarily far from independent of the researches of recent investigators, particularly those of the specialist who may be said to have entwined his name with that of Servetus for all ages, Pastor Heinrich Tollin.

One chief service to be rendered to the memory of Servetus is to show that he really merits the interest of such men as Tollin, that he does not belong to the numerous class whose promotion has been thrust upon them, that his name would still have reached posterity if Calvin had let him alone. The answer is short and conclusive. The work 'De Trinitatis Erroribus,' the first printed book in which the doctrine of the Trinity was impugned, was published by Servetus at the age of twenty-two. It is not nowadays an unparalleled feat to write against the Trinity, nor was the treatise of Servetus one to make by its mere merits an epoch in the world. It is justly criticised by the candid and not unsympathetic Melanchthon:—"You ask me what I think of Servetus? I see him indeed sufficiently sharp and subtle in disputation, but I do not give him credit for much depth. He is possessed, as it seems to me, of confused imaginations, and his thoughts are not well matured on the subjects he discusses." But when we consider how gradual, in the absence of strong personal influences from without, is ordinarily the course of religious enlightenment; how slow, in nine cases out of ten, the solitary inquirer is in discerning the actual drift of his course; for how long he commonly succeeds in persuading himself that his heterodoxy is but a purer orthodoxy; the self-reliance, intrepidity, and clear perception of the youthful heresiarch must needs appear exceedingly remarkable. It is natural to search for the external influences which may have actuated him, but in our almost complete ignorance respecting the circumstances of his early years, nothing of the kind can be indicated with certainty. Born, as is most probable, at Villanueva, in Aragon, about 1509, he undoubtedly may have been affected by the secret Mohammedanism and Judaism which at that time honeycombed the seemingly solid fabric of Spanish Church and State. Dr. Willis thinks he may probably have been impressed by the 'Theologia Rationalis' of Raymund de Sabunde, a work in which Christianity is advocated on the sole ground of its assumed congruity with the religion of Nature. This is a highly plausible conjecture, but nothing more. It is very remarkable that Servetus's first appearance out of his own country should have been in the character of physician, secretary, or travelling companion to Quintana, confessor to the Emperor Charles V. The origin of this singular connexion is utterly obscure, but it probably determined the complexion of Servetus's career by bringing him into contact with the leading reformers in Germany, although we are still left to conjecture how he came to assume a position so greatly in advance of theirs.

The treatise itself, 'De Trinitatis Erroribus,' as well as the 'Dialogi de Trinitate,' which shortly afterwards succeeded it, is by no means according to the usual pattern of Unitarian theology. Socinus, whose tradition has been followed in the main by subsequent Unitarian expositors, commonly passes for a rationalist bent on minimisiug the supernatural element in religion, and wresting the letter of Scripture into accordance with simple reason. In fact, this accusation is unjust; the subtle evasions and strained exegesis of Socinus proceed from exactly the same source as their counterparts on the other side—reluctance to acknowledge that Scripture could contradict itself. Socinus's apparent sophistry springs in reality from his superior honesty; he recognises his own difficulties, his opponents ignore theirs. Servetus's belief in verbal inspiration was not less firm than that of Socinus, but the belief was less of a shackle to him, the tone of his mind not being critical but mystical. While Socinus painfully endeavours to educe consistency out of inconsistency by minute verbal criticism, Servetus dissolves all dogma into a pantheistic rapture. He takes possession of his adversaries' stronghold, the proem to the Gospel of John, and turns it into a dithyrambic ecstasy, utterly at variance with the hard and narrow definitions of the creeds. In fact, this heretic was palpably one of the class for whom the fourth Gospel was written, and in studying him we clearly apprehend how, when the Church's boundaries required expansion, a document so destitute of historical authentication came to be received as a concession to

religious tendencies, unrepresented in the genuine Scriptures, but for which it was absolutely necessary to make room.

The theological speculations of Servetus, which had, of course, been published with great caution, seem to have elicited little notice, except from some of the leaders of the Reformation, by whom they were discussed as ominous signs of the extent to which the religious movement might possibly outrun control. Servetus turned for the time to general literature and his own peculiar study of medicine. Assuming the name of Villanovanus, from the place of his birth, to disguise his identity with the mooter of antitrinitarian heresies, he repaired to Lyons, and became a reader and corrector of the press for the brothers Trechsel. In this capacity he brought out an edition of 'Ptolemy's Geography,' good in itself, and interesting for the scholia he added to bring it down to the condition of knowledge in his own day. It is remarkable that he gives but an indifferent character of his own countrymen, and still more so that his portrait, in its intellectual aspect, should correspond so nearly with that which his adversaries have drawn of himself. "The Spaniard is of a restless disposition, apt enough of understanding, but learning imperfectly or amiss. Half informed, he thinks himself brimful of information, and always pretends to more knowledge than he has in fact. He is much given to vast projects, never realised, and in conversation he delights in subtleties and sophistry." After this episode we find him practising the medical profession at Paris, the colleague of the famous Vesalius, and writing a treatise on Syrups, of which so competent a judge as Dr. Willis expresses a very favourable opinion. His success must have been sufficient to excite the envy of the native practitioners, for we find them proceeding against him on the ground of his recourse to astrology, for which he might a few years later have pleaded the countenance of Cardan, the most famous physician of the age. As it was, he submitted, and the unpleasantness of the affair may have had its influence in disposing him to return to literature. Residing at Vienne, under the patronage of the Archbishop, who was far from surmising with what a heretic he had to deal, he brought out an edition of Pagnini's Latin translation of the Bible, with notes deceptively stated to be taken from a corrected copy, but beyond doubt his own. This literary falsification may be palliated by the circumstances of the age; it is less easy to excuse Servetus for his pretensions to a knowledge of Hebrew, which he can only have possessed very imperfectly. If, however, the comment possesses little exegetical value, it is memorable as indicating that the annotator was beginning to grasp the principle that Hebrew prophecy is to be interpreted by contemporary history, and thus occupying a position which it took the best intellect of Europe more than another century to attain.

A still more remarkable proof of insight was to be given in Servetus's next publication, the renowned 'Christianismi Restitutio,' in which, with whatever confusion and imperfection, the idea of the circulation of the blood was for the first time given, or rather designed to have been given, to the world. None of Servetus's commentators have brought so much authority to the elucidation of this difficult subject as Dr. Willis, himself the editor of Harvey's works for the Sydenham Society. His conclusion is thus expressed:—

> Imperfectly, incompletely, therefore, as the great function of the circulation is conceived by Servetus, his account of so much of it as belongs to the pulmonary system is all his own, and an immense advance on aught that had been imagined before. Had his 'Restoration of Christianity' been suffered to get abroad in the world and into the hands of anatomists, we can hardly imagine that the immortality which now attaches so truly and deservedly to the great name of Harvey would have been reserved for him. But, save to a few theologians, who gave no heed to his physiological speculations, Servetus's book remained unknown in the republic of letters for more than a century after it had fallen from the press—no naturalist had seen it during all that time. So effectually had it been hunted out and made away with, that of the thousand copies printed, two only, as we have seen, are now known to survive. The 'Christianismi Restitutio' of Michael Servetus, consequently, never influenced either speculation or discovery in connexion with the circulation of the blood. But reading the book as we are now suffered to do, let us not overlook in its author the Physiological Genius of his age.

The theological aspects of the work are thus summed up:—

> After a somewhat careful perusal of the 'Christianismi Restitutio,' we know not how it could be better or more briefly characterised, in its theoretical portion at least, than as a paraphrase and new interpretation of the Gospel according to John, in which the Neo-platonic doctrine of the Logos is particularly discussed, and copiously interfused with pantheistic ideas, whilst the dogmatic teaching of the Church of Rome and its practical application is repudiated *in toto*, and the chief doctrines of Lutheran and Calvinistic Christianity are controverted.

Servetus, then, had defied Catholics and Protestants alike, and his fate could hardly be doubtful. But in addition he took pains to effect his own destruction by appending his initials to the treatise, and betraying the author's identity in other ways. Detection would probably soon have ensued without the splenetic malice of Calvin, who, incensed at the manner, certainly inexcusably coarse and virulent, in which he himself was treated in Servetus's work, artfully caused him to be denounced to the Inquisitor at Vienne. Servetus was arrested and imprisoned, but soon effected his escape, probably by the connivance of the authorities. The infatuation which led him to seek refuge at Geneva is well known, but not easily explained. Dr. Willis thinks that he was detained there against his wish by some of Calvin's adversaries, "who hoped to make political capital out of his presence among them." However this may be, he was seized and imprisoned on August 13, 1553, and the short remnant of his life is comprised in the judicial tragedy which occupies the latter half of Dr. Willis's volume. The narrative is exceedingly interesting, but too complicated for analysis here. We can only direct attention to Dr. Willis's opinion that Calvin's relentless cruelty was partly prompted by reasons of state. His position in Geneva was at that moment insecure, and the ark of the faith, as he rightly deemed, was in jeopardy along with him. Servetus, he had reason to believe, was secretly protected by his antagonists, and his fate, unimportant in itself, had become an outward and visible symbol of political preponderance. His motives, in short, greatly resembled those of Robespierre under similar circumstances, presenting an unattractive but not wholly disrespectable mixture of bigotry, self-interest, resentment, and public spirit. "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances," is Dr. Willis's very proper verdict. There is evidence enough that he was dissatisfied with himself, and that the incompatibility of the principle of private judgment with the moral guilt of heresy was already beginning to be perceived by the Reformers.

Servetus was executed on October 27, evincing more courage and candour in his last moments, and throughout his trial in general, than could have been expected after his previous prevarications and equivocations. Disregard of veracity is the chief blot upon his character, and so little in keeping with others of his more conspicuous traits that it seems no more than justice to attribute it to the demoralising influences of a Spanish religious education. We are totally ignorant of the circumstances under which his character was formed, but it can hardly be doubted that a person of such strong religious feeling must, while a Catholic, have been a zealous frequenter of the confessional. His general characteristics as a man are those of all others most remote from timidity and duplicity. Intellectually he may be described as a man of splendid insight, destitute of scientific method and exact knowledge, and in these respects, as well as in the absence of the creative poetical faculty, inferior to a man with whom he otherwise presents striking analogies—Giordano Bruno.

Dr. Willis's volume is a most admirable and satisfactory monograph in all essential respects. It suffers from several misprints, minor errors, and verbal *incuriæ*, to which it is unnecessary to direct special notice, as they can hardly escape the attention of the author upon the slightest revision of his work.

MR. GEORGE WILKES ON SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, from an American Point of View, including an Inquiry as to his Religious Faith, and his Knowledge of the Law; with the Baconian Theory Considered. By George Wilkes. London: Sampson Low and Co.

We have heard of a visitor to the house of John Shakespeare, in Stratford, who amused himself and his companions by professing, in that sacred spot, grave doubts whether the plays attributed to William Shakespeare could possibly have been written by such an illiterate person. He made a little speech, in which he enlarged upon the profound knowledge of divinity, of law, of medicine, of history, of ancient literature, of Court life, shown in Shakespeare's plays, and wound up by asking whether it was conceivable that the possessor of all this knowledge was a poor player, whose only education was received in the common school of Stratford. Then, turning to the intelligent custodian of the house, he asked whether she believed that those plays were really written by William Shakespeare, the actor. "I have heard something like what you say before, Sir," was her reply; "there was an American lady over here some time ago, who said all that, and wrote a book about it. I believe she was mad." Although Delia Bacon did succeed in converting Lord Palmerston to her views, belief in the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays does, no doubt, raise a certain presumption of insanity; and perhaps Mr. Wilkes would have done well to be guided by his friend, Professor Taverner, whose very sensible letter he quotes in this volume, and hold the theory to be "as unworthy of examination, as to seriously consider if two bodies could occupy the same place at the same time." Mr. Wilkes, however, has chosen to take the Baconian theory seriously, and to disprove it by a close examination of the respective characteristics of Bacon and Shakespeare. On the single ground of what he calls "the euphonic test" alone, he is prepared to reject Bacon's claims. Mr. Wilkes's arguments are conclusive, and often ingenious, but it is a pity that he should have wasted his labour and scholarship in disproving a theory for which no scholar worthy of his pen would dream of contending. If anybody should choose to believe that Shakespeare's plays were written by Queen Elizabeth, their faith would be beyond the reach of argument, and the Elizabethan authorship is intrinsically a much more probable conjecture than the Baconian.

Mr. Wilkes has prejudiced the interest of his book by presenting himself as the pertinacious assailant of an absurd theory. That part of the work which deals with Shakespeare's religious faith suffers from a similar disadvantage. It is impossible to establish the precise doctrines held by a dramatist, if he really fulfils his task of expounding the characters of his personages. If he held any one doctrine with the one-eyed zeal of an apostle, he would not be a dramatist. Mr. Wilkes no doubt proves himself a very shrewd and effective special pleader in the advocacy of his opinion that Shakespeare was at heart a Roman Catholic. He starts from the position, for which he gives the authority of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, that Shakespeare's maternal grandfather adhered to that faith. That Robert Arden should have given Mary, Shakespeare's mother, the best position in his will, and made her one of its executors, is tolerable proof of her being true to the Church. Catholic women are likely to marry Catholic men, and John Shakespeare's 'Confession of Faith' is so imbued with Romanism that Chalmers thought it was probably drawn up by some Roman Catholic priest. The Rev. Richard Davies, who wrote after 1688, flatly declared that Shakespeare "died a Papist." The argument advanced that no Papist would speak of an "evening mass," as Shakespeare does in *Romeo and Juliet*, is cleverly met by Mr. Wilkes. He thinks it not improbable that the *Missa Sicca*, invented during the middle ages and said for the repose of the dead, was known to the common people before the Reformation as "evening mass." He cites Sir Walter Scott, who, well versed in Papal rites, makes Rowena arrive late at a banquet, having attended "evening mass" at a neighbouring priory. Another and better explanation is that, in the sixteenth century, one or two o'clock was a late hour for people who rose at five, and Shakespeare may have considered the last, or one o'clock mass, as "evening mass." Juliet waits upon Friar Lawrence in his cell alone, which she would not have done had the time been night. As Romanists were not allowed to read the Bible, and as Shakespeare shows great familiarity with it, Mr. Wilkes pleads that the fact of the poet's father being high bailiff and first alderman of Stratford, obliged him to take the oath of conformity, and the absence of a Protestant Bible might have led to loss of office, possibly to the arrest of his family. Mr. Wilkes thinks that the youthful Shakespeare would not fail to devour its splendid imagery; but admitting that no Protestant Bible was seen by Shakespeare at Stratford, which is incredible, his clever London associates had too great literary appreciation not to excite his curiosity regarding it, nor is it to be supposed that the free-living dramatist was ever cribbed and cabined by church etiquette. The most remarkable evidence, to Mr. Wilkes's mind, that Shakespeare could not have been a Protestant is the restraint he imposed upon himself during Elizabeth's reign against writing a line reflecting upon the manifold atrocities of Bloody Mary, though she at one time even meditated sending his patroness, Elizabeth, to the block. Of similar character were Shakespeare's praises of Henry VIII., who stifled Smithfield with the smoke of human sacrifices for opinion's sake. Mr. Wilkes certainly shows that Shakespeare deals ever tenderly with the Roman Church, alluding to it even when there would be no warrant were there not the inspiration of love. That the plots of his plays are placed before his time, and that his characters must necessarily be Romanists, does not explain the dramatist's familiarity with the doctrines and formulæ of their Church, since it is well known that no Catholic services were permitted by law to be performed in England during Shakespeare's period; "nor does this suggestion," argues Mr. Wilkes, "quite account for the predilection exhibited by the writer of the plays to burlesque and scandalise Protestants and the Protestant faith. In the discussion of the Baconian theory, therefore, the religious point must be regarded as the domineering test, for, unless it can be shown that Bacon was secretly a Catholic, the Shakespearian plays cannot possibly be attributed to him." It is Hunter's opinion that the *Twelfth Night* was written "to bring into disrepute certain transactions of a party of Puritans, who, in 1599, made themselves very offensive by some popular delusions which had taken a strong hold of the public mind." No actor could love the Protestants of those days. In their eyes the playhouse was the home of Beelzebub. Shakespeare had cause to dislike the new religion, which was never so intolerant as at its birth. This is an additional reason why he should have preferred the more generous faith of his parents. Moreover, an artist would naturally sympathise with a Church that invoked the aid of art.

And so forth. But though Mr. Wilkes satisfactorily shows that Shakespeare had no great respect for the Puritanism which his daughter, "good Mistress Hall," afterwards embraced, there is not an atom of proof in all this ingenious reasoning that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic. His forbearance towards Bloody Mary has another very obvious and simple explanation. Mr. Wilkes is not more successful than other speculators in trying to get at Shakespeare's private opinions through the medium of his plays. Nor can we quite see why Americans should be supposed to be specially interested in proving that Shakespeare was a Romanist. An American scholar might naturally wish to clear his country of the reproach of having started the theory that the author of Shakespeare's plays was Sir Francis Bacon, were it not the case that equally absurd theories have been started in the land of Shakespeare's birth. But apparently that which Mr. Wilkes wishes to claim as especially American in his point of view is his con-

sideration of Shakespeare's aristocratic tendencies. If the plays had been written by Sir Francis Bacon, Mr. Wilkes could have forgiven him for favouring the aristocracy, and never uttering a word of generous aspiration for popular liberty. But he cannot forgive "the son of plain John Shakespeare" for his being "the tireless inculcator of those forms of popular obsequiousness, which long have been the marvel of the civilised world, under the almost purely personal form of English patriotism." "The author of the Shakespeare plays," Mr. Wilkes contends, "has been in this way the unseen source, the incessant fountain, the constant domineering influence, which has done more to continue the worship of the English people for royalty and rank, than all other agencies combined." If Mr. Wilkes is justified in claiming this as the American view, we must say that it appears to us to be fanciful, and, in so far as it affects the personal character of Shakespeare, to ignore the fact that he was a dramatist. And we regret that, in his anger against Shakespeare for his deficiency in popular sympathies, Mr. Wilkes, by way of making aristocracy ashamed of its champion, should denounce the poet as having been a drunkard, a libertine, a "screw," and a paid pandar to the Earl of Southampton. We should be sorry to believe that this sort of defamation represents the conclusions drawn from the American point of view. At the same time, Mr. Wilkes cannot be denied the credit of having written a fresh and suggestive book. It is to be hoped that, when next he writes on Shakespeare, he will choose problems connected with Shakespeare's art upon which he may display his critical powers and scholarship to greater advantage.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR'S POEMS.

Sir Henry Taylor's Works. Vol. II. *Edwin the Fair. Isaac Comnenus.* Vol. III. *A Sicilian Summer. St. Clement's Eve; and other Poems.* By Sir Henry Taylor. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

"The steady, classical, and perspicuous style of the accomplished author of *Philip van Artevelde* is much to be admired," says R. H. Horne, in his 'New Spirit of the Age.' Seldom perhaps was a better criticism given of Sir Henry Taylor than these few words contain. His writings are essentially steady, classical, and perspicuous; these qualities, apart from the genius of the man, are the essential characteristics of the poet, which mark him out from his contemporary comrades. The feeling his works inspire is essentially admiration rather than enthusiasm or delight. Sir Henry Taylor's poems are a little too cold to arouse enthusiasm, a little too colourless to occasion much delight, but they are, in the highest sense of the word, admirable. But when Mr. Horne goes on to say that *Philip van Artevelde* should have been written in prose his criticism is not so happy. The "philosophical sense and statesmanlike self-possession" of Sir Henry Taylor's verse has a great beauty of its own, and the poet is gifted with a mastery of dramatic blank verse far too precious to be lost even by turning it into the admirable prose of the "Statesman."

What has been justly called the robust strength and the noble grace of *Philip van Artevelde* is present also in *Edwin the Fair* and in *Isaac Comnenus*. Neither of these two plays can be said to stand exactly upon so high a level as Sir Henry Taylor's chief work. *Philip van Artevelde* must be numbered among the few great dramatic works of the century, when neither *Edwin the Fair* nor *Isaac Comnenus* could fitly be so included. But their merit is nevertheless high, and they are impressed, though in a lesser degree, with the merits—and therefore perhaps in a greater degree with some of the defects—of the longer and more famous drama. The thoughtful meditativeness, the strength of imagery and beauty of diction, they have in common; so, too, they have the coldness, the almost painful composure and unswerving regularity which stand in the way of *Philip van Artevelde*.

One of the most remarkable of Sir Henry Taylor's powers is his faculty for putting himself into the place of the characters with whom he is dealing, the way in which he seems to appreciate his central figures as a whole, so as never to lose his grasp of them for a moment. It is this faculty, which can scarcely be called sympathetic, but rather comprehensive, which at once causes and renders endurable the somewhat cold calmness of his dramas. His figures he keeps always well in hand; he knows them from first to last, and they are never suffered to break bounds, and get the better of their author. In the character of Philip van Artevelde, Sir Henry Taylor presented the ideal demagogue; in Dunstan he represents the crazy fanatic; in Isaac Comnenus we have a great leader. Dunstan and Isaac Comnenus occupy the same position in these dramas that Philip van Artevelde holds in his; each is a careful and elaborate study, but in the case of Dunstan the theme is a disagreeable one, for the author has to depict a character for whom it is impossible to feel sympathy or admiration. On the other hand, Isaac Comnenus is impressed with a nobility and a steadfastness of soul which makes the conception of the character, on the whole, superior to that of Philip, although not equal to it in execution. Dunstan, one of the most unlovely characters in history, is no less unlovely as represented by Sir Henry Taylor. Half-mad, wholly fanatic, crafty, cruel, believed and believing himself a saint by right of those very qualities which seem the attributes of a fiend, Dunstan is at once a painful and a loathsome character. By presenting this fearful priest as half-crazed, Sir Henry Taylor deepens the horror of the character, for if he removes some responsibility for the cruelties he commits he takes away at the same time the merit of doing all things from an innate sense of righteousness and absolute belief in the divinity of his office. Torquemada was not mad, and his character may therefore seem less excusable, but is certainly less artistically painful than if ruled by the dictates of insanity.

Madness is at once obvious in Dunstan's first speech—

> Spirit of Speculation, rest, oh rest,
> And push not from her place the spirit of prayer!
> God, thou'st given unto me a troubled being—
> So move upon the face thereof, that light
> May be, and be divided from the darkness!
> Arm thou my soul that I may smite and chase
> The Spirit of that darkness, whom not I
> But Thou through me compellest.—Legions vast,
> The mind's glad host for victory arrayed,
> Hast thou committed to my large command,
> Weapons of light, and glittering shafts of day,
> And steeds that trample on the tumbling clouds.
> But with them it hath pleased Thee to let mingle
> Evil imaginations, corporal stings,
> A swarm of Imps and Ethiops, dark doubts,
> Suggestions of revolt.

The character of Dunstan is very striking, all through the course of the play, but it is not so commanding, so completely the central figure around which all the rest revolve as either Philip van Artevelde or Isaac Comnenus. Nor is the play, as a whole, so interesting as its companion. No character seems to be completely worked out; all are good as far as they go, but they promise at first to go much farther. The king himself is but a shadow; Elgiva counts for little; and though in Odo and in the nobles of the secular and monachal parties we get some strongly marked characters, most notably Athulf and the noble-hearted Leolf, they none of them seem to bear the stamp of complete development. With a prudence characteristic of his school and theories of poetry, Sir Henry Taylor avoids the fact of the tortures suffered by Elgiva by simply causing her to die by an arrow wound; the opportunity offered for the introduction of the horrible by a narration on the part of a messenger, or some other suitable device, either of the branding or of the finally lingering death, he studiously shuns—an opportunity that would be at once seized by many authors. The melancholy shadow that prevails in all Sir Henry Taylor's dramas find expression in Leolf's soliloquy in the second act:—

> Rocks that beheld my boyhood! perilous shelf
> That nursed my infant courage! Once again
> I stand before you—not as in other days
> In your grey faces smiling—but like you

The worse for weather. Here again I stand,
Again, and on the solitary shore
Old ocean plays as on an instrument,
Making that ancient music when not known!
That ancient music, only not so old,
As he who parted ocean from dry land,
And saw that it was good. Upon mine ear,
As in the season of susceptive youth,
The mellow murmur falls—but finds the sense
Dull'd by distemper; shall I say—by time?
Enough in action has my life been spent
Through the past decade, to rebate the edge
Of early sensibility. The sun
Rides high, and on the thoroughfares of life
I find myself a man in middle age,
Busy and hard to please. The sun shall soon
Dip westerly,—but oh! how little like
Are life's two twilights! would the last were first
And the first last! That so we might be soothed
Upon the thoroughfares of busy life
Beneath the noonday sun, with hope of joy,
Fresh as the morn—with hope of breaking lights,
Illuminated mists and spangled lawns,
And woodland orisons, and unfolding flowers,
As things in expectation—weak of faith!
Is not the course of earthly outlook thus
Reversed from hope, an argument to hope
That she was licensed to the heart of man
For other than for earthly contemplations,
In that observatory domiciled
For survey of the stars?

In *Isaac Comnenus* we have for hero the type of a noble soldier, more heroic, more statuesque, more interesting than Artevelde; he is without the defects as he is without the almost self-conscious experience of the revolutionist of Ghent, and he gives up the crown of the East and refuses the love of Theodora with no ostentatious parade, but with the quiet resolve of a great soul. His outlook on life is bitter, but in this too he is undemonstrative; the sneers come from him with no noisy aggression, but from a deep sense of disbelief and disappointment which finds its appropriate end in his death at the hands of Theodora. Though this play was Sir Henry Taylor's first, it contains much that is second only to his best work, and most notably the speech of Isaac Comnenus over the grave of his dead love—a speech which for pathos and beauty stands high among Sir Henry Taylor's best work.

"*Leviore Plectro*" is the motto of the *Sicilian Summer*, in which, for the first and only time, Sir Henry Taylor essayed comedy. Essaying, he succeeded, as he would have succeeded in any dramatic work he undertook, and the *Sicilian Summer* is a very charming comedy, and on the whole a happy attempt to renew the spirit of the comedy of the Elizabethan age. *St. Clement's Eve*, his latest dramatic work and most painful tragedy, is one of the finest of his works. The studies of the various characters of the strange Court of mad King Charles are masterly; that of Louis of Orleans is especially deserving praise for its many-sided truth and beauty. Sir Henry Taylor's power of transporting, or seeming to transport, himself and his readers among the people and the events of a bygone age are never more admirably exemplified than here. So complete is the poet's sympathy with his subject, that we actually seem to be in Paris in the fatal month of November 1407, which saw the death of the gallant erring Duke of Orleans, who shines out in contrast with the evil figures of that evil time; to be remembered, too, as the father of one of the sweetest and most famous of old French poets. Of the other poems in the volume we have no space left to speak. The longest and best, the "Eve of the Conquest," is essentially dramatic in character, though not in form.

UARDA.

Uarda. A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By George Ebers. From the German, by Clara Bell. London: Sampson Low and Co.

In his preface to the fourth edition of the German original, Mr. Ebers explains the title 'Uarda,' in answer to some of his critics, who consider that the title might have been the same as that of his former work, 'An Egyptian Princess,' for it is she, Bent-Anat, the daughter of Rameses II., who is the heroine, and not Uarda. But, as Lessing said, a title is not a *menu*; and the less it betrays of the tale the better. Mr. Ebers, however, sees no reason for concealing the fact that Uarda's prototype was a poor fellah maiden, half-child, half-woman, whom he saw suffer and die in the mud-hut of her parents at Abd el Kurnah, in the Necropolis at Thebes.

Mr. Ebers transports us, in the present romance, into the middle of the fourteenth century B.C., and introduces us to the contemporaries of Moses, and to the great Pharaoh, Rameses II., who at the time the story commences is waging war in Syria against the Chetæ, from a treaty between whom and the Egyptians Herr Stephan gave some extracts in his recent work, 'Das Heutige Egypten,' and a copy of which, originally inscribed on a tablet of silver, is still preserved on the south wall of the temple of Karnak. Before his departure from Egypt, Rameses had appointed his cousin Ani regent in his absence, to administer his kingdom, and watch over his daughter Bent-Anat and his son Rameri, who was at the college of the House of Seti, presided over by the high-priest Ameni. Ani was descended from the dynasty of Thotmes and Amenophis, which had been deposed by Rameses I., through both his parents, whilst his cousin, Rameses II., was descended from the family of Amenophis only through his mother Tuaa. Ani, therefore, had more of the royal blood in his veins than Rameses. This fact supplied the basis for the intrigues spun by the priesthood against Rameses, and of which Ani became the sport in the hands of Ameni and his accomplices. Ani was one of those men, who, possessing an average intellect and an average standard of morality, are animated by that sort of ambition which either makes them faithful servants or the dupes of craftier men, and are easily led for good or for evil according to the influences brought to bear upon them. Thus, somewhat advanced in years, he aspires to the hand of Bent-Anat, and receives permission from Rameses to win and woo her if he can; but at the same time Rameses declares in his letter that he will not force his daughter against her will, and as her will is a very strong one, and she has set her mind upon Pentaur, the poet and priest of the House of Seti, Ani feels that a permission which does not take the form of a command is in this case of no use to him. Hence he is in the proper frame of mind to fall a prey to the intrigues of the priesthood who desire to place him on the throne in preference to Rameses, who only shows so much consideration for the Church as may be compatible with the exigencies of the State, and does not hesitate to call out the temple serfs when he requires reinforcements for his army. This he has done at the opening of the story, and thus decides Ameni at once to carry out the plans he has long been brooding over, and to depose Rameses, not from any personal hatred of the mighty Pharaoh, but simply because he considered the priesthood in danger from him. He only wanted an opportunity for action, to unite the discontented elements against Rameses, and to rally them round the more pliable Ani.

This opportunity is offered by an involuntary error committed by Bent-Anat, Rameses' daughter, and by the rebellion of her youthful brother Rameri. One day, whilst driving in her chariot, accompanied by her bosom friend, Nefert, and the king's pioneer, Paaker, she has the misfortune to run over Uarda, the presumed granddaughter of Pinem, the paraschites, one of the unclean caste, whose duty it was to open the bodies of the dead, and prepare them for the kolchytes, or embalmers. Bent-Anat, in her grief and trouble at the misfortune, crosses the threshold of the paraschites' hut, in spite of her chamberlain's remonstrances, and thus becomes unclean and defiled. After seeing Uarda provisionally attended to, she drives to the Temple of Seti to secure the services of the temple doctor, and is met at the temple gates by Pentaur, who, touched by her grief, at once absolves her, and sends the surgeon, Nebsecht, to attend to the wounded girl. But Ameni, who sees in this incident the means of discrediting Rameses through his daughter, reproves Pentaur, the talented poet and his favourite pupil, for his readiness to absolve Bent-Anat without

undergoing penance for her crime. Pentaur refuses to see any crime in the generous promptings of the heart, and the charity which led Bent-Anat across the impure threshold of the paraschites; but Ameni points out to him that the law has been broken, and that it is the duty of the priesthood to enforce the penalties of the law upon the guilty, irrespective of their position, and that as long as he is a priest he must conform to the law, and enforce its observance upon high and low alike. Dissatisfied as he may be with the law, Pentaur cannot but acknowledge the force of Ameni's reasoning, and agrees, as part of his punishment, to refuse absolution to the Princess, and pronounce the ban against her the next time she defiles herself by communication with the paraschites' grandchild or household. This soon occurs. She again visits Uarda, and Pentaur, in fulfilment of his promise, pronounces her unclean. Bent-Anat reproaches him for withholding what his conscience had already allowed him to grant, and makes him confess that the law which condemns a good and holy action must be an unworthy law. Henceforth the lives of Bent-Anat and Pentaur are linked together by the love which in Pentaur's breast conflicts with the teachings of the priesthood, and enables him gradually to take a larger view of the world than that afforded within the walls of the temple. Ameni sees the results of this conflict with grief, and banishes Pentaur, after degrading him to the ranks of the uninitiated, to the temple of Hatasu, which, however, in order not quite to discourage him, Ameni places under his rule. At the same time Ameni causes it to be proclaimed throughout the temples that Bent-Anat has defiled herself, and orders prayers to be put up for her purification. The banishment of Pentaur, however, causes his pupils, under the leadership of Rameri, to revolt. For this Rameri is expelled from the college of the House of Seti, and thus Ameni succeeds in disgracing both the children of Rameses.

Meanwhile Paaker has resumed his intimacy with Nefert, who had been promised him in marriage by her mother, but who had fallen in love with, and married Mena, the king's charioteer and favourite general then accompanying Rameses on his expedition against the Chetæ. Paaker administers to Nefert a philtre, to the effects of which he ascribes the kindness Nefert exhibits after their reconciliation, and which he mistakes for love of himself. This makes him all the more determined to get rid of Mena, and he readily enters into the plot to depose Rameses, and place Ani on the throne.

An unforeseen incident materially assists in the development of this plot. Nebsecht, the surgeon who attends the daughter of the paraschites, succeeds in persuading him to procure him a human heart for dissection. This Pinem does by abstracting the heart from the body of Rui, the high-priest of the temple of Hatasu, and putting a ram's heart in its place. But at the same time that Rui died, the sacred ram of the king had also died; and when by accident it was discovered that a ram's heart was in Rui's body, the fact was regarded as the consequence of a wonderful miracle, which was at once turned to advantage by Ameni and the priesthood. The death of the sacred ram was represented as betokening misfortune for Rameses, who was wanting in respect for the gods and their servants; and when the heart of the holy animal was found in the body of a no less holy priest, the inference was irresistible that the gods had taken the ram's heart—the seat of the soul—from its unworthy body, defiled by the sins of Rameses, and placed it in that of the saint who belonged to the same house as that of Ani, the regent. Clearly, therefore, the gods intended the degradation of Rameses and the elevation of Ani.

The miracle was thus loudly proclaimed; but Pentaur, who had discovered the secret of the exchange, refused to allude to it in the speech he was to make at the Feast of the Valley, and acquainted Ameni with the true facts of the case. Ameni, however, pretended to refuse to believe in the account given by Pentaur, and the miracle was duly proclaimed. The feast was celebrated with especial magnificence, and Bent-Anat and Rameri, in spite of their defilement, took part in it under disguise. Exciting events occurred during the festivities, the result of which was the banishment of Pentaur and Nebsecht, and the imprisonment of Bent-Anat for her purification in a distant temple, whilst Rameri, her brother, succeeded in effecting his escape to acquaint his father with what was going on in his absence.

The time had thus come for the conspirators to strike a decisive blow. Paaker set out for Syria with the intention of betraying Rameses to his enemy, the Prince of the Chetæ, murdering Mena, Nefert's husband, and thus securing his widow for himself, and the throne for Ani. He succeeded in luring Rameses into an ambuscade, from which, however, the king was saved by the timely appearance of Pentaur with help, and by whose aid the impending defeat was turned into a victory, resulting in the capture of the Prince of the Chetæ, though Rameri—who had joined his father—was taken also prisoner by the retreating enemy. Mena was wounded by Paaker, whose chariot was found stained with blood, but who had managed to effect his escape, and returned to Thebes. Rameses, however, before this victory, had captured the daughter of the Prince of the Chetæ, who having now got Rameses' son into his power, thought this a favourable opportunity to conclude peace. But Rameses refused to grant it till he had returned to Egypt, when he promised to conclude the treaty, and thus the Prince had to accompany his conqueror to the capital.

Here the news of Paaker's failure had produced much consternation amongst the conspirators, and had also induced Ameni to abandon Ani's cause. But Ani himself, partly from ambition, partly from his desire to possess Bent-Anat, but chiefly through the instigation of Katuti, Mena's mother-in-law, determined to make one more attempt, and prepared to dispose of all his enemies at one blow by setting fire to the palace the day Rameses returned from his victorious expedition. The palace was consequently set on fire by Paaker and the dwarf Nemu, when Rameses, Mena, Pentaur, Bent-Anat, and Uarda were asleep. But Paaker and the dwarf both perish in the attempt, and the whole of the royal family is saved. Pentaur turns out to be the real son of the Mohar, who was supposed to be Paaker's father, and is rewarded by Rameses with the hand of Bent-Anat, whilst Rameri marries the supposed grand-daughter of Pinem the paraschites, but who is in reality Xanthe, the daughter of the Prince of the Chetæ, and King of the Danaids.

Such is the outline of an historical romance of great power. Generally speaking, historical romances, especially when referring back to such remote periods and to scenes so far removed from our experience, fail to engage the reader's interest. But in this instance such is not the case; and the reason is because, in spite of its strange accessories, the circumstances under which the drama is acted precisely resemble those of which we have at present a very full experience. In Rameses we have the State, in Ameni the Church, in Pentaur the spirit of liberality and progress which is now waging so hard a battle against the two. The description of the miracle, its causes and its results, are painted with a masterly hand, and involuntarily we think of the holy wells of Lourdes and Marpingen. In fact, the whole of 'Uarda' may be regarded as a picture of the present day, thrown back through a reversed telescope on the curtain of long-past centuries. At the same time it affords an admirable picture of ancient Egyptian life, in which are vividly painted the originals of those stereotype forms, cut by the hard hands of the Pharaohs, guided by the craft of high-priest and Israelite, and which caused Pinem to exclaim, when Bent-Anat visits his grandchild, "May the avenging gods reckon it to her when they visit on her the crimes of her father against me. Seven sons were mine, and Rameses took them all from me, and sent them to death; the child of the youngest, this girl, the light of my eyes, his daughter has brought to her death. Three of my boys the king left to die of thirst by the Tenat, which is to join the Nile to the Red Sea, three were killed by the Ethiopians,

and the last, the star of my hopes, is by this time devoured by the hyænas of the north." Read "Suez Canal" for Tenat, read "Abyssinia" for Ethiopia, and the "vultures of the Dobrudja" for the hyænas of the north, and to the fellah of Egypt as it is, there is no difference between the nineteenth century A.D. and the fourteenth century B.C.

Mrs. Bell has well acquitted herself of a task which must evidently have been to her a labour of pleasure. The only suggestion to be made is that in any future works of the kind she should avoid the German construction of placing the predicate before the subject and not allow accessory sentences to precede the chief sentences. It is also a pity, after showing what she was capable of in her translation of the dedicatory sonnet, that Mrs. Bell did not reproduce the rhythmical measure which Ameni used in his great speech. But there is no room for exaction. Both author and translator merit the highest praise for a work which is as suggestive as it is exciting, interesting, and instructive.

MUSIC.

"NEUE LIEBESLIEDER," BY BRAHMS.

The universal appreciation of the Lovesong-Valses by Johannes Brahms last season has no doubt induced Mr. Chappell to include the second series of similar compositions in the programme of last Monday's Popular Concert. A numerous audience had assembled in honour of the new work by a composer who is now generally acknowledged as one of the representative masters of our time. It would be vain to deny that the high expectations which had evidently been raised were not fully satisfied. The first ten numbers were received with marked coolness, and only towards the end did the public seem to warm towards the work. An *encore* was awarded to one valse only, and in that case a considerable portion of the applause may have been due to the admirable interpretation of Mmes. Löwe and Redeker. This first impression will very probably be modified by further hearings; but in the meantime we think it our duty to record a comparatively unfavourable verdict of the audience, the more so as we have reason to differ from it. As a work of art the second series appears to us to mark a great and unmistakable progress upon the first. With regard to the latter work, we wrote some months ago:—"Another weakness of the collection, as a whole, is the sketchiness of some of the numbers, which makes any attempt at sustained melody impossible. This is of course accounted for by the shortness of the poems; but the composer might have easily avoided such a drawback by combining several of the briefer pieces in a continuous whole. This, however, has not been done to a sufficient degree. There is, indeed, little continuity or organic growth in the series, which abounds in sudden transitions of feeling, and ends in an anti-climax." Our remarks at the time were intended less as a censure of actual deficiencies than as a prediction of what Brahms, according to the bias of his artistic nature, would do in case he proceeded further in the same direction. This prediction has been verified to the letter by the present work. Brahms here has, in more than one instance, combined "several of the briefer poems in a continuous whole." At the very opening of the work, the two songs, beginning respectively "Verzicht, oh Herz" and "Finstere Schatten der Nacht," are musically treated as one, the unity of the piece being further emphasised by the repetition of the prelude at the end of the second song. In the same sense, Nos. IX., X., and XI., may be said to stand in the relation of the different parts of a duet, the complaints of the lovelorn maiden and the vows of the passionate youth being made to alternate with each other in the most masterly manner. Brahms has also taken care to avoid the anti-climax complained of by us with regard to the first series. The last valse, in the present instance, is musically by far the most important piece amongst the number, and brings the work to a tranquil, but at the same time elevating, close. Not much prophetic gift was required to foresee the result just indicated. Brahms' nature is fundamentally serious, and the dance-rhythm which he has learned to appreciate in his adopted Austrian home can never become part of his musical nature, as was the case with Ferdinand Strauss, and in quite a different sense with Chopin. Brahms moreover likes to expand his conceptions formally; pointed conciseness is strange to his peculiar gift. The only course open to him, therefore, was the amalgamation of minor groups on the one hand, and the all but total abandonment of the valse-rhythm *quâ* valse-rhythm on the other. This course he has followed with decided success. The second series of the "Liebesliederwalzer" contains passages of great power and beauty, and the impression of deeply impassioned utterance is sustained throughout. It is another question whether, under the circumstances, it would not have been preferable to drop the form of the valse altogether, and vary the monotonous $\frac{3}{4}$ time by other rhythms. Little space remains for the consideration of the single pieces. No. VII. may be mentioned as a striking instance of the pictorial powers of music, the rushing of the mountain torrent being rendered by the most graphic touches of melody. Here the four voices appear in unison. No. XII., another vocal quartet, is pathetically expressive of love's doubts and disappointments; but as the masterpiece of passionate utterance, the next following number, "Mein Geliebter, setze dich," for soprano and alto, must be named. An enthusiastic *encore* was awarded to it. No. X. is a solo for tenor, and, like many pieces for that *timbre* of voice, of a somewhat weakly sentimental character. In the concluding number even the semblance of the valse form has been dispensed with, and Brahms writes an admirably constructed piece of vocal music, worthy of his high fame and attainments. But so, indeed, is the whole series from beginning to end. None but a master, and, what is more, none but an inspired musician, could have written it. The performance of the work by Mmes. Sophie Löwe, Redeker, and Messrs. Shakespeare and Pyatt, accompanied on the piano by Mlles. Agnes Zimmermann and Ida Henry, could not but satisfy the highest demands of criticism.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

Ruy Blas, the new opera by Signor Marchetti, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday last, is a valuable illustration of the theory of "representative men." Verdi, whatever his shortcomings from the highest artistic point of view may be, is a man of genius, with a distinct original type of his own. This type he has impressed on the music of his country, and to its influence his contemporaries have more or less to submit. To evade it entirely would be as impossible for an Italian composer as it would be for a German not to show some traces of the Music of the Future in his work. This fact Signor Marchetti seems to have acknowledged without hesitation. His opera teems with reminiscences from Verdi, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and other works, being laid under contribution with laudable impartiality. Meyerbeer, and occasionally Auber, also have evidently been studied to great advantage; not sufficiently, however, to efface the distinctly Italian type of Signor Marchetti's music. Only the German school, to which Verdi, in his later work, has paid frequent tribute, the present composer evidently has not thought worth his notice. His music is constructed on the strictly melodic principle, and his orchestration partakes of the primitive innocence of the earlier Italian masters of the present century. It would be impossible to call *Ruy Blas* an original work. But it may claim the predicate of competence, sometimes even to that of decided merit. There is observable in this music a quality for which we know no more appropriate term than fluency. It never flags, never breaks down; its degree of formal excellence, such as it is, never varies much for better or for worse. Neither is Signor Marchetti without dramatic instinct, as is especi-

ally shown by the fact of his music increasing in seriousness and depth commensurately with the deepening interest of the subject. At the beginning, dance-rhythms painfully prevail; but towards the close, when the dangers surrounding the ill-fated lovers begin to thicken, a more dignified style gains ground, and in the final duet between Ruy Blas and the Queen something very like genuine pathos makes itself felt. These few remarks will be sufficient to convey an idea of the general character of Signor Marchetti's work. It remains to point out one or two scenes in which more than ordinary success has been attained. Amongst these we count the great duet of the lovers in the third act, to which the opera owes its success on the Continent; the trio in the last act following upon Sallustio's air, "E ricco e bello," also shows dramatic vigour of a somewhat commonplace kind. More successful the composer has been in the lighter touches of melody, for which unfortunately Victor Hugo's dismal subject offers but few opportunities. There is, for instance, a charming duet between Sallustio and Casilda in the last act, and a Spanish air assigned to the last-mentioned character is undoubtedly the gem of the opera. A "Chorus of Labourers," also, is prettily melodious. But surrounding these oases there are deserts of dreary dialogue, choruses for male voices, and the like, regarding which silence is the most lenient criticism. The performance at Her Majesty's Theatre is, upon the whole, decidedly creditable. Signor Gallassi impersonates the revengeful Sallustio with much spirit, and Signor Fancelli's (Ruy Blas) fine tenor voice atones to a great extent for his shortcomings as an actor. Mlle. Salla's Queen is full of dramatic points of a high order; but the largest share of applause fell to the graceful and spirited rendering of Casilda by Mlle. de Belocca. Her *ballata*, "C'era una volta," was a rare exhibition of vocal skill and dramatic *verve*. This and several other pieces earned an *encore*. Altogether the public seemed favourably impressed with Signor Marchetti's plausible fluency, but, in spite of this momentary success, we are more than doubtful as to the lasting vitality of the new opera on the English stage.

DRAMA.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—"THE OMADHAUN."

The hand of practice is evident in the arrangement of *The Omadhaun*, the plot of which is said to be taken from *Le Crétin de la Montagne*. If Mr. H. P. Grattan is a novice, he shows the courage of a master in making his personages come out and go in without any apparent reason, and much skill in sustaining our interest in scene after scene without taking any great pains to help us to follow the connexion of one with another. We could give no clear idea of the plot of *The Omadhaun*, especially in its later stages, except that an old miser is shot by a villain, and the guilt fastened upon an innocent man, to whose daughter's affections there are three different claimants; but there are very few tedious moments in the play. This is largely due to the excellence of the acting, the stage management, the scenery, and the costumes; but some credit must also be given to the dramatist, though the precise amount is not so easy to assign. The cast of the piece leaves nothing to be desired; the materials are considerably under the capacities of the actors, but they do not make that an excuse for slight study—all the parts are carefully elaborated without the appearance of effort. A tolerable play perfectly acted is one of the best of entertainments, and *The Omadhaun* bids fair to have a more successful run than its more ambitious predecessor, *Russia*.

ALHAMBRA.—"YOLANDE."

La Fille de Madame Angot has never been better acted or put on the stage in London than it now is at the Alhambra, where Mme. Selina Dolaro plays so admirably her original part of Clairette. But even if *La Fille de Madame Angot* were not so well acted, the Alhambra could still hold its own, on account of the artistic merit of Mr. Alfred Thompson's ballet, *Yolande*, which for beauty of scenery and delicate appreciation of colour is certainly one of the most attractive spectacles now on the stage. The first scene, the Italian village, recalls vividly some of the smaller towns that lie nestled among the mountains all along the way between Florence and Rome. But the Japanese scene is the triumph of the whole—a delightful study in form and colour, deserving of the highest praise, and peopled with beings who seem to have stepped bodily from the Japanese fans dear to æsthetic souls. Let anyone who wishes for a vision of far Cathay steep his mind in Mitford's 'Tales of Old Japan,' and then see ideal Japan presented to him in all its glory of shape and hue in *Yolande*, and he will dream Japan for a week to come.

DUKE'S THEATRE.—"SARDANAPALUS."

Although Byron did not intend his plays for the stage, more than one of them have proved successful when regarded by managers as *libretti* to an accompaniment of fine dresses and fine scenery. Many will remember the run of *Manfred*, some ten or a dozen years ago, when the manner in which Miss Rose Leclerq said "Manfred!" in the scene in the hall of Arimanes, was the talk of the hour. More recently *Marino Faliero* proved a great attraction; and now we have *Sardanapalus* put upon the stage in probably a more magnificent manner than it ever has been before. When Byron boasted that in *Sardanapalus* he "carefully consulted anything but the taste of the day for extravagant *coups de théâtre*," he reckoned without his managers. At the Duke's Theatre every possible opportunity has been seized for introducing striking scenic and decorative effects into the play, and the result, from a scenic and decorative point of view, is deserving of very high praise. The ballet is good, the scenes and dresses accurately and artistically designed from recognised authorities, and, in fact, no pains have been spared to make a striking sensational play, Byron's connexion with it being one of the things least thought about. The acting is only fair, Miss Gainsborough as Myrrha, and Mr. Darnley as Sardanapalus, being the best; but the thunderstorm and the conflagration are excellent.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The friends in Paris of M. Gambetta are seriously convinced that the great Republican leader's life is in danger from some sudden attack at the hands of extreme and excitable Bonapartists. For this reason, it is said that they insist on having him attended, whenever he leaves his home, by a select escort of friends, well prepared for any emergency, who follow M. Gambetta at a little distance, and watch his movements so as to avoid the appearance while giving all the security of a guard. The attack made some time since on M. Gambetta amply justifies this precaution, which is all the more necessary as M. Gambetta has very properly made up his mind not to accept any challenge. It may be remembered that in the old days of the anti-slavery struggle in the United States, Mr. Wendell Phillips often had to be thus guarded by a little band of devoted friends.

When the new Minister of the Interior came forward to address the French Chamber of Deputies for the first time, he was greeted with cries of "Name, name!" In this unmistakable manner the Chamber conveyed its opinion as to the political obscurity of the gentlemen whom Marshal MacMahon has thrust into office. They might be called, as the first Cabinet of the late Lord Derby was, the "Who? who?" Ministry. The latter nickname was given because the Duke of Wellington was heard in the House of Lords to ask the names of the new Ministers, and as each name was mentioned in succession he uttered an astonished cry of "Who? who?"

—thus making it plain that he had never heard of the gentlemen before.

The appearance of Louis Kossuth as a contributor to the December number of the *Contemporary Review* will seem to many like a return from the grave, so long is it since the ex-dictator of Hungary has been heard of in politics. Not many persons, perhaps, remember that Kossuth was once actually a journalist in London. He was for some time editor of the *Atlas*, the proprietors of which apparently had some hope that the echo of his even then vanishing popularity might do something to make a journal successful and influential. His article in the *Contemporary* will certainly be read with respectful interest. It is natural that he should like to fire even a Parthian shot at his old enémy, Russia.

Victor Hugo has completed two five-act dramas in blank verse. One is called *The Twins*, and is based on the story of the Iron Mask. The other is entitled *Torquemada*. Victor Hugo does not wish them to be produced till after his death.

Mr. Slade, the "Spiritualist," is communing with the spirits in Berlin, where he has been tackled by his more material *confrère*, Professor Herrmann, even as he was tackled here by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. Professor Herrmann has solved the question as to Mr. Slade's use of the fragment of slate pencil, which somewhat puzzled the prosecution here, who thought that he inserted it between the nail and flesh of the forefinger. It appears that he uses a sort of thimble, made of very thin transparent caoutchouc, in which the pencil is fastened. This thimble is attached to one end of a piece of elastic, the other end under his coat, so that when he has written his spirit information, thimble and all snap back out of sight. Raising the table is effected by Mr. Slade's iambical agility, assisted by the manual obedience of his audience. The spectators really poise the table upon Mr. Slade's toes, keeping it in balance by the uniform pressure they exercise upon it when their hands are closed in circuit around it. Mr. Slade is expected to leave Berlin soon.

The Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria intends visiting England shortly. Several runs with the hounds had been arranged for him, but the Empress, who knows what riding with the hounds in England is, has expressed her desire that this part of the programme should not be carried out. Her son will, therefore, content himself with a less dangerous study of England and the habits of its people.

As we mentioned some time back, the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles and the daughter of the Crown Prince of Prussia are to be married early next year, on the same day. This arrangement gave rise to a difficulty which was not foreseen at the time. *Noblesse oblige*; and as there are traditions which must not be set aside, even by the House of Hohenzollern, it caused much trouble when it was remembered that both etiquette and tradition required the newly-married couple to pass their first night after the wedding in the bridal chamber of the Castle of Hohenzollern; and as tradition had not provided for the contingency of two couples of the family marrying on one and the same day, the consternation was great. Neither marriage could be put off. It was therefore decided to compound with tradition, and, awarding the old bridal chamber to the Crown Prince's daughter, to provide another for the accommodation of Prince Frederick Charles's. To propitiate, or at any rate to guard against the spite of tradition, it was determined to alter the private chapel of the castle into a new bridal chamber. Superstitious people see in this the beginning of the end of the glories of Hohenzollern.

One hundred and fifty masons, who have been engaged by the contractors of the Law Courts, passed through Cologne on Tuesday evening from Stuttgart, *en route* for London. They arrived here on Wednesday, and were at once conducted to the quarters which had been prepared for them. More are to follow.

The promised course of lectures by Mr. William Morris, on the "Decorative Arts," will be commenced on Tuesday evening next, December 4, at the Co-operative Institute, Castle Street, Oxford Street. The chair will be taken by Sir David Salomons. The first course of lectures will be on the decorative arts in their relation to modern life and progress, and other lectures are to follow, giving a short survey of the history of the decorative arts, and some hints on matters connected with the practice of the decorative arts.

Some of the American papers have been amusing themselves with a story, to the effect that an eccentric Englishman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in 1*l.* notes, and that the elder got 51,200*l.*, and the younger 57,344*l.* It has, however, been estimated, firstly, that by the ordinary weight of bank notes the eldest of the ladies would weigh about 800 lbs., and the younger proportionately more, secondly; that the lowest bank notes are for 5*l.*

It is a very bad habit to eat orange peel. Nor is the juvenile habit of eating apples with the peel on to be recommended either. Parents who do not care as yet to correct these evil propensities will perhaps be more inclined to do so when they hear that the little black specks which may be found on the skins of oranges and apples that have been kept some time are clusters of fungi, precisely similar to those to which whooping-cough is attributed. Dr. Tschamer, of Graz, who has made the discovery, scraped some of these black specks off an orange, and introduced them into his lungs by a strong inspiration. Next day he was troubled with violent tickling in the throat, which by the end of the week had developed into an acute attack of whooping-cough.

A recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a very interesting article by M. Caro, of the Academie Française, on "La Maladie du Pessimisme." Pessimism he describes as a subtle malady that attacks certain minds at all periods. The article, the first of a series, is chiefly devoted to a study of the pessimism of Leopardi, the Italian poet.

A new dye has been introduced into commerce called "Imperial Orange," which, if not quite so formidable as Mr. Rossa's osmic acid, is nevertheless alarming enough on account of its inflammable properties. Combined with *nopalin*, a red dye, it is also sold under the name of *coccin* or cochineal substitute. It is also highly dangerous to the dyers, so that the German Government has issued orders to warn the public against buying or selling it. The revelations of the *Times*, regarding the adulteration of silk, sink into insignificance by the side of this new discovery which opens up a fearful vista of crimes and casualties. The revengeful lover, the jealous bride, need only make their enemies a present of an "Imperial Orange" dress for them to flare up into spontaneous combustion. Mothers-in-law especially should be on their guard.

Herr Norrenberg, the Dresden actor, knows the wisdom of making the best of a bad thing. He has been starring at the Hofburg in Vienna, but with the reverse of success, whereupon Herr Norrenberg at once announced the fact himself in a series of advertisements in the Dresden papers, stating that he had been a complete failure in Vienna. This is taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance.

Krupp's works at Essen have been insured for 34,000,000 marks (1,700,000*l.*). The insurance has been taken up by twelve different companies.

Count Béla Széchenyi, accompanied by three scientific gentlemen, MM. Bálinth, Lóczy, and Kreuter, will leave Pesth, on December 4, on a journey to Asia, which is expected to last from two to three years. The object of the travellers is to explore the Kien Lien mountains between Tibet and Little Bokhara. They go by way of Cairo, Calcutta, Ceylon, Pekin. Their experiences are to be published in a scientific work.

In 1874 the oldest inhabitant of Denmark, Herr Johan Joseph Ronge, the head of a large glass manufactory in Copenhagen, attained his 100th year, and was fêted by the whole city, from the king, who decorated him with the Order of the Dannebrog, to the men of his own guild, who honoured him with a torch-procession. This veteran, one of the most thoroughly accredited centenarians on record, has just died at the close of his 103rd year.

The celebrated Neanderthal relics, the property of the late Professor Fühlrath, have been purchased by the Rheinische Provincial Museum, for a larger sum than was offered by England.

The Music of the Future is becoming almost as dangerous as hydrophobia—at least in Rome. There a young musician, in trying to unravel the mysteries of the *Walkürenritt* and Hunding's *Jealousy*, went completely mad over the attempt, and was barely saved from throwing himself out of the window.

Marquis de Casamajor, one of the most promising and esteemed writers on the French Press, lost his life on the 21st ult. by accident. He went to the kitchen, on the second story, for some purpose or other, and fell out of the window, fracturing his skull, so that death was instantaneous. He wrote in the Republican *National*, under the name of Jules René.

Since the Berlin banker Bleichröder was rewarded with letters of nobility, he has been in the habit, says the Paris *Figaro*, of deprecating the honour, alleging that it causes him much trouble and bother. Thus, he said the other day, that even the sentinels on duty presented arms to him. On a friend pointing out that this was scarcely possible, Bleichröder assured his friend that it was true, and referred him to Field-Marshal Moltke, who was with him at the time! Unfortunately for the truth of the story, the *Figaro* has forgotten—if, indeed, it was ever aware of the fact—that Bleichröder is blind—stone blind.

The latest story about Dean Stanley is that he is engaged on an ecclesiastical novel, having St. Andrews for its central attraction, and that it will bring into prominence some of the leading events in the Dean's personal history.

If we are not kept thoroughly informed on the subject of our colonies and dependencies it will not be the fault of lecturers both able and willing to instruct us. Thus Mr. McAlister, agent-general for Queensland, is to give a lecture on that colony to the Royal Colonial Institute. Mr. W. T. Thornton, so well known as Secretary to the Public Works Department of the India Office, has accepted an invitation from the Society of Arts to deliver a lecture on the Indian Famine question. Professor Monier Williams has also agreed, at the request of the National Indian Association, to give an address on the best means of promoting goodwill and sympathy between the people of England and the people of India. The 12th of the month is fixed for this address, and it is expected that Lord Northbrook will take the chair.

Professor Vanzetti, who had been called from Padua to a consultation as to the Pope's condition, was about to return, after having paid two visits to Pius IX., when he was called again to him on Tuesday. He finds that, though the Pope is suffering from senile neuralgia, there are no symptoms of a crisis, and that his general health is not such as to occasion alarm. Pius IX. was in a cheerful mood when Professor Vanzetti visited him. He remarked that his last years were much embittered by his illness, and that eighty-five was a goodly number. "We can console each other," said Vanzetti; "I, too, have much to bear with my seventy-five." "Ah," replied Pius, "if I am a child at eighty-five, what must you be, who are ten years younger? A mere infant—*un' bambino!* And the last ten of *my* life may be reckoned as hundreds! centuries of grief!"

On Friday last week a presentation was made to Captain Mercier on his resignation of the chairmanship of the Hospital Saturday Fund, as a testimonial of his praiseworthy efforts to promote the success of the scheme.

'The Life and Times of the Right Hon. John Bright,' by William Robertson, author of 'Rochdale Past and Present,' will shortly be published at the *Observer* Office, Rochdale. The work is of considerable size, and will be illustrated by five permanent photographs, by the Woodbury process. It will trace the ancestry of the right hon. gentleman from the year 1684.

Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co. are bringing out a small edition of Tennyson's works, in about the same size as the "Handy Volume Shakespeare." The edition will be completed in ten volumes.

Messrs. Bickers and Sons have purchased Messrs. Chapman and Hall's copyrights of the translations of Paul Lacroix's works on the Middle Ages.

Three editions of 'Some Difficulties of Belief,' by the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, having been exhausted, a fourth edition is now in the press, which will be ready for publication in a few days.

The first volume of the New Testament Commentary, edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, will, we understand, be ready for delivery on December 7.

The EDITOR *cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.*

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